

R. Isaac.
The true Use of Music; or, Mer-
ry Hearts Companion:

BEING A
COLLECTION

OF

Love-Songs and Love-Letters,

Written in PRAISE of the

Best of LOVERS.

WITH

Certain Directions how the Sick may
be Healed, and the Poor become
Rich.

A merry Heart doth good like a Medicine, Prov.
xvii. 22.

L O N D O N:

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West-Bromwich, in Staffordshire.

The House of Representatives
of the State of New York

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

THE

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK

1



General Director
of the State

...

...

...

To the Lovers of Singing in general.

Friends and brethren,

THE holy scriptures (which are the only rule of faith and practice) do abundantly furnish us with accounts, that singing of psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, is one of the highest employments in the church of God, both militant and triumphant.—Moses sang with the Israelites, when God had delivered them out of the hands of Pharaoh king of Egypt.* Deborah and Barak sang when they had slain Sisera, and saved Israel out of the hands of Jabin king of Canaan.† Our Lord sung an hymn with his disciples, when he had informed them that his body was to be broken, and his blood shed for the remission of sins; that so mankind might be delivered out of the hands of Satan, who is the king and god of this world.‡ And the celestial choirs, who are now ascended above all the mistakes of human creatures about modes of worship, are daily employed in singing the song of Moses, and the Song of the Lamb. ||

It is therefore obvious to every unbiassed mind, that this exercise, when performed aright, is highly pleasing to God, as well as truly pleasant to a Christian soul. It is true, nothing can be more obnoxious to the Father of Mercies, than for us to draw near to him with our lips, when our hearts are far from him. And therefore (for our learning) an inspired apostle has said, I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. That we do not only take the songs of praise into our mouths, but that we at the same time make melody in our hearts to the Lord. & And indeed this is the life of music: without this all is formal, tasteless, and dead. For it is only when we are made sensible of the great love of God to our souls, in redeeming them

A 2

from

* Exod. xv. i. † Judg. v. i. ‡ Matt. xxvi. 26, 28, 30.
|| Rev. v. 9. xv. 3. § I Cor. xiv. 15. Eph. v. 19.

from sin and wrath, that we can chearfully join in songs of praise to the God of our salvation. And when I have well considered all the ends that singing can possibly answer, I must confess that I cannot see how any subject whatever can be more pleasant or desirable. I am sure, to a Christian, no mirth is like this, or theme so elevating; as is fully shewn in the Song of Solomon. And if persons were to exercise their rational faculties, when they consider God to be the maker, preserver, and redeemer of all things, they must of necessity confess, that there is no object worthy of praise but him alone. And does it not prove to a demonstration, that man is very far fallen from that God-like image, in the which he was first created, when we see him spend the breath that the Almighty hath so bountifully bestowed upon him, and that with so much vigour, in singing songs of praise to some Heathen god, woman, wine, or the like? Nay, are not the greatest part of the songs now in vogue made on purpose to encourage vice, and to build up our youth in idleness, rebellion, profaneness, and debauchery? Which proves how necessary it now is, if we have any zeal for the Lord of hosts, to revive the good old advice of the fathers given to the Churches, as it now stands in our Bibles on the title-page before the singing Psalms—"laying apart all ungodly songs and ballads, which tend ONLY to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth." But I know when I have said all I can, that the fleshly mind will aspire after fleshly things; and as the same, through the depravity of nature, is become enmity against God; therefore it will take pleasure in nothing but what has a tendency to allure the soul out of the path of piety and holiness.

I will therefore leave them, and now address myself to the serious-thinking part of mankind of every denomination. To them I say, Permit me to offer you a few spiritual songs, that I have partly composed, and partly collected for the pleasure of my own soul, and the benefit of those who are travelling

welling Zion-wards; in order to amuse, divert, and instruct them in their way as they pass along. All I shall say of them is, that to me they are truly precious; and if you say they are mean, I answer, such as I have, give I unto you.

I generally sing them in lively tunes, because the matter contained in them is lively: and as they are chiefly intended to be sung while we are in the common employments of life, I judge lively tunes to be more easy and pleasant to the mind, as well as better adapted to the matter. And if any object, saying, that we have now learned to sing divine songs in carnal tunes. I answer, that as carnal songs never were invented by God, therefore they can challenge no right to any tune: but, as God gives every pleasant voice and note its sound, it therefore cannot be offensive to him, to praise him with joyful lips, according to his word.*

When these songs are sent abroad, the lovers of singing, into whose hands these may come, will be so furnished with pleasant and entertaining songs, that they will not lie under the temptation of having those tongues which God has given to speak his praise, defiled by words so unbecoming a disciple of the adorable Jesus. And, while modest ears have tingled, and conscientious hearts have ached at the sound thereof, they may now be agreeably surprized to find the scene changed, and the words of the psalmist take place, who says to his God: All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy Name.†

And that I may make good my promise in the title-page, along with these will frequently be interspersed poems and letters on various subjects; chiefly on the consolatory kind, directing the distressed where to find relief. But if at any time something should appear of a polemical nature, it will chiefly be in answer to letters received, or objections raised. And what though something may be delivered sometimes by way of pleasantry, the reader may assure himself, that the design is not to burlesque sacred things; but, on the contrary,

to

* Ps. lxiii. 5.

† lxvi. 4.

to paint out vice in its own proper odious colours, and to make virtue shine with a brighter lustre.

That each number may be kept clean till you have taken in a volume fit to bind up together, it shall be stitched in blue paper, and delivered at the places specified in the title-page as it comes out, at two-pence each number.

I would farther inform my readers, that as to wages for my labours, that I have got already; and as the same is my pleasure, I cannot do it grudgingly. If many reject it; that is what I expect; and if more despise it, that is also what I look for; so that I cannot be disappointed in the publication thereof. But as I am persuaded that some souls will have the same pleasure while reading, that I had while I was composing and writing the same: that their pleasures may yet abound, I wish them to examine the scripture-references as they go on; and so far as the same is made useful to their precious souls, my desire is, that God may have the glory, and I your prayers: who am

Your servant and the Lord's free-man,

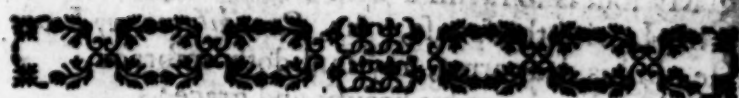
Isaac.

P. S. In the second number will be printed, the king of Prussia's confession of faith, (in verse) which he caused to be addressed to all the Protestant ministers in the diet of the empire at Ratisbon. And in the last number all the enigmas will be answered by scripture-testimonies.

Note, All letters sent to the printer of this, concerning this work, are desired to be post paid; and they shall be duly considered, and answered if they are worthy of it.

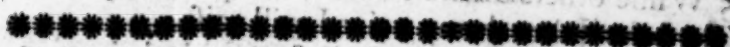
5 JY 62

The



*The true Use of Music; or, Merry Hearts
Companion.*

BEING A
COLLECTION, &c.



The wounded Lover.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find
my Beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of
love. Song v. 8.

- 1 **I** F men desire of me a song, I will cry
Let Christ be my subject; then I can't deny;
Unto him *alone* my voice I will raise;
He only is worthy of honour and praise;
He is my heart's treasure, so precious, so dear;
It never knew pleasure till Jesus was there.
- 2 Vain man women's beauty may honour and praise,
By language alluring the passions may raise,
The heart may inflame, the spirit decoy,
The soul fill with raptures of fancied joy:
While Jesus, the chief of ten thousand, I see;
He's love altogether, and lovely to me.

3 My soul is so ravish'd with what I do prove,
 That I, with the spouse, † say, *Come kiss me, my Love:*
 He, in his dear arms, my soul doth embrace,
 Whilst I do admire his beauty and grace:
 I kiss my dear Bridegroom, and fall at his feet,
 And, with his belov'd*, say, *His mouth is most sweet.*

4 My soul in a flame is with what I do prove,
 O'ercome with his beauty, *I sick am of love:*
 While some to the gods of Heathen do sing,
 To Jove, and to Bacchus, their praises do bring,
 I'll sing to my Jesus, the joy of my soul,
 Who healeth my sickness and maketh me whole.

5 While others their ale and their liquors do praise,
 To Jesus Jehovah my voice I will raise;
 And while their rich bowls o'rflo'w with their wine,
 I'll drink of the love of my Jesus divine:
 His love is enduring, it ne'er does decay;
 Therefore I will drink, and drive sorrow away.

6 There is a rich river, whose streams do make glad
 The city of God, § when she's ever so sad:
 This river is Christ; the streams are his love;
 By faith I drink of them, their virtue I prove:
 When I am distressed with troubles below,
 I plunge in this river and drown all my woe.

7 My heart was once sorrowful, heavy and sad;
 But now it is merry, by Jesus made glad:
 I once was quite poor, distress'd, and in debt;
 But poverty's fled, and the same I forget;
 Because that my Jesus has paid my long score,
 And says all my debts he'll remember no more.

8 My

† Song i. 2.

v. 16.

‡ Prov. xxxi. 6, 7.

§ Pl. xvi. 4.

|| Jer. xxxi. 34. Heb. viii. 12.

8 My heart's truly merry; this mirth does me good
Like unto a medicine. I prove his rich blood
A heavenly balm, which healing does bring;
And now I am healed, I dance and I sing:
My heart danceth in me, and leapeth for joy;
I'm healed, I'm saved, how happy am I!

9 Since I am so happy, pray who can me blame
If all the day long I should sing of the same?
Since Jesu's so good, so gracious I prove,
Pray who can me blame if I sing of his love?
Who sings to the creature; an idol doth praise,
Therefore I will sing to the Lord all my days.

*A letter to father Curious, in answer to one
wrote by him to young Isaac.*

Sir,

IN your last to me, you desired I would give you
some account with what kind of persons I con-
verse, and how I spend my time. Was it not for
your grey hairs, which I honour, I should be ready
to say that your enquiry was somewhat impertinent.
But as you have ever shewn yourself a man con-
cerned for my welfare, your apology shall atone for
the same, and your request shall be granted. As
you are a man of letters, I know you can read my
name in its original sense, and therefore will not
think it strange that I am in my disposition some-
what inclined to levity: nor will you wonder to
hear, that, to indulge the same, I often resorted to
the house of mirth; and in particular I frequently
visited my neighbour on the left-hand side of my
house, whose wife was an extraordinary jocose dame.
But in particular I was extreamly diverted to hear
her lavish talk to her children. out of which I have

formed

formed the following creed, which I therefore call the Mothers Creed. And truly I think it well deserves the name, because I observe that nature has in general furnished her nursing-mothers with the same. But as I was one day perusing that saying of the wise man, *The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth;** I then considered that this kind of mirth was not of God, and therefore I sought acquaintance with my neighbour on the right-hand side of my house; and there I found the woman to be pretty much of the same disposition of the other; but the man, although a loving husband and tender father, nevertheless exerted the authority of the head of a family; and when ever he heard any idle or vain words come out of the mouth of his wife or children, he would sharply, though lovingly reprove the same. His children he would daily be catechising, or asking them questions out of the scriptures. But one day in particular I was extreamly delighted to hear a conference between the father, and one of his little ones, out of which I have formed the following dialogue, between the father and the son. And when you have read that, I shall then leave you to judge what kind of company I keep, and how I spend my time: as also which of these families *truly* eat their bread with joy, and drink their wine with a merry heart, as God commandeth.†

The Mother's Creed.

THE mother adoring her infant, let's see
How well with her dotage the scriptures agree.
My babe is worth thousands and millions of gold;
The sum that must purchase him cannot be told:
There's

* Eccles. vii. 4. † ix. 7.

There's nothing so precious as Dicky, my dear;
I value him more than ten thousands a year.

Note,

And thus she beginneth to sow the vile seed
Of self-admiration, that horrible weed.
When mankind are all sold unto Satan for nought,
And Jesus for thirty small pieces was bought:

The next that she teaches is, how he is dress'd,
As if those in delicate robes must be bless'd:
Behold my dear bantling, how glorious he shines!
Look, look, my sweet angel, see where you are fine!

Note,

The infant not knowing the state he is in,
Conceived in folly, and brought forth in sin;
Is taught by his mother the first step of pride,
To glory in that which his folly should hide;
Forgetting the Saviour on earth was a stranger,
Was poor, and despised, and laid in a manger;
And Lazarus now with the angels does dwell,
While Dives, with all his fine cloaths is in hell.

And when she has taught him his dress is his glory,
She straightway begins with a self-righteous story:
You must not be naughty, my ducky, my love,
For then our dear Saviour will not you approve;
But if you are holy, don't swear, cheat or lie,
The God that has made you in you will have joy.

Note,

And thus he is built up in self-righteousness,
Thinks nothing of Jesus, who sinners doth bless;
For as he imagines he's holy and good,
He never once seeks for a pardon by blood.

The next that she teaches is, how he may lie,
Say'ng, O my dear sweetening, my darling, my joy,

He cannot be guilty of what he has done!
 Go fetch me that naughty child; quickly, go run.
 It was not my precious: no, that cannot be!
 'Twas the cat, or some wicked child: fetch him to me.
 It was not my good child; he'd never act so.
 Here, Bobby, go beat him: come, give me a blow.
 Go, go, naughty children; we'll beat ev'ry one,
 That wrongs the dear creature I dote so upon.
 I'll bite a bit of it. I'll hug and caress it.
 I love it so well, I could eat it! O' bless it!

Note,

And thus the young serpent begins for to bite,
 Ne'er doubts what his mother has told him is right,
 And as he grows up, he looks back, and will cry,
 My mother did so: 'tis no evil to lie.
 Thus having the rudiments, as he goes on,
 His nature will teach to improve ev'ry one.

A dialogue between the father and the son.

THE father's informed he's blest with a son,
 With pleasure and sorrow he to him does run.
 He's pleas'd with the sight of his child: yet, says he,
 He's born in my image; and therefore will be
 Exposed to evils of every sort,
 The world and the devil will to him resort;
 They'll draw him, and drive him, and trap him as
 well,

And use all their engines to bring him to hell:
 Then as I do love him, my love I will shew,
 And now train him up in the way he should go.
 Come hither, my son, to thy father draw near,
 And I will thee teach how Jehovah to fear.
 The child has now learned to prattle, says he,
 O yes, my dear father, I'll come unto thee.

Father,

Father.
Don't you hear a noise? 'tis your brother a-crying;
He's just now come out of the bed he did lie in.

Child.
What have they done at him, to make him to cry?
Has any one hurt him? if so, tell me why?

Father.
He's born in the world both in sorrow and shame,
And that makes him cry as he enters the same.

Child.
But why is he naked? no creature I see,
That's born in the world, that is naked but he!

Father.
O this is the reason, old Adam did sin,
And that brought us here in the state we are in.

Child.
Pray who is the man you old Adam do call?

Father.
My child, 'tis the father and first of us all.

Child.
Did Adam then make me? else how came I here?

Father.
No: God has made all things; and you too, my dear.

Child.
And was I born naked? Did God make me so?
Then why did you cloath me, I pray let me know?

Father.
Man first was made holy; but he's not the same:
So cloathing is given to cover his shame.

Child.
Then should I be proud of what covers my shame?

Father.
You rather should blush when you think of the same.

Child.
The beasts have got hair on; the fishes, I see
They too have got scales on; none's naked but me!

The

The birds have got feathers; the ant has a nest;
It looks as if I was more poor than the rest.

Father.

You rightly have judg'd; for this is your state:
And not only so, but Jehovah does hate
Each son of your father. § And, what is yet worse,
Not one of them all but is under a curse!

Child.

Pray how am I cursed? how far does it reach?
This is not the lesson my mother does teach.
My mother says, I'm a sweet, innocent lamb;
That holy and clean as *white paper* I am.

Father.

O you're born in sin, be as good as you will;
Your heart is, was evil, and so it is still.
And if you deny it, this proveth the same;
For God has declared, all men are to blame.

Child.

And if I to blame am, shall I then be hated?
And will God's fierce anger be never abated?

Father.

The Lord is the same, that sinners may fear him;
And none but the perfect can ever come near him.

Child.

Then, while I'm a sinner, I hated shall be?

Father.

You will. And in that state your God cannot see.

Child.

And if I don't see him, then where must I dwell?

Father.

Among the damn'd spirits, tormented in hell.

Child.

Dear father, don't fright me; I cannot abide it.

Father.

If you die a sinner, you cannot avoid it.

Child.

Child.

When I think of this, I am all of a flame:
Then how can I ever endure the same?
Pray tell me, dear father, pray tell me how I
May from it escape; and to heaven may fly?

Father.

Who told you of flying to heaven, my dear?

Child.

My mother said, our little Jacky was there.

Father.

And would you go to him, child, rather than play?

Child.

O yes, my dear father. Pray tell me the way?

Father.

Then hearken to me, and I quickly will shew
What heaven is; likewise the way you must go
Have you never heard of a Saviour, I pray?
He's heaven; and likewise to heaven the way.

Child.

My mother said, Jesus redeem'd me. But still
I must go to heaven by doing no ill.

Father.

Thy mother's a woman. Let her be respected,
But you shall by Jesus himself be directed.
Such counsel as this is the voice of a stranger.
Remember, thy Saviour was laid in a manger;
Like thee was born naked, was poor and distress'd;
A son of old Adam; made like to the rest.
Yet was he without sin, that sinners might be,
By his righteousness, made as righteous as he.
And, being made under the law, he was seiz'd
By justice, as though he the Lord had displeas'd.
That anger, or hatred, upon him then fell,
Which would have sunk thee and all mankind to hell.
And being Almighty, he bore it away;
And for thy poor soul then a ransom did pay.

And

And God, thy creator's well pleased with this,
 As though thou hadst never once acted amis.
 What he did while living and dying is thine,
 That thou might'st be cloath'd in a robe all divine.
 This Son came from heaven, in mercy so free;
 To all he is given, and therefore to thee.
 Dear child, when you think of the Saviour's love,
 You will be transported. Like angels above
 You'll stand and admire; and wonder that he,
 Who dwelleth in heaven, a servant should be!
 And that he came down to save man from distress,
 That he, who is holy, such sinners should bless?
 O sweet meditation! O fruit of the Spirit!
 The souls live in heaven who Jesus inherit.
 And, having the rudiments, as they go on
 The Bible will teach to improve ev'ry one.

Child.

I've read in my Bible, that fathers of old
 Must tell to their children† what God has them told,
 Forgive me, if I should now ask at your hand
 A few other things I don't yet understand.
 When Jackey was sick, pray tell me, dear father,
 Why in such a hurry they sent for the Saviour?

Father.

The Saviour! my dear, pray talk not so odd;
 There's no other Saviour of Sinners, but God.

Child.

Then why did my mother and nurse so cry,
 For fear unbaptiz'd our Jackey should die?

Father.

O he's born in sin, and a child of wrath was;
 And some say,† he's *thus made a child of God's grace.*

Child.

† Deut. xi. 18, 19.

† See De-Laune's plea for the Non-conformists. Page
 38, 39, 40.

Child.

Dear father, my mother she taught me to say,
That, in my baptism, my sin's wash'd away;
That I was therein made a member of Christ;
A child of God's love, and of heaven possess'd!
Oh! if the black-man did these good things for me,
He must be a saviour; else how can it be?

Father.

Dear child, you are frantic. Pray talk not so odd,
I tell you, there's no other saviour but God.

Child.

Forgive me, dear father, your talk seems quite wild;
For, if in baptism I was made God's child,
A member of Jesus—I need say no more;
If I then was made so, I was not so before;
If I was so before, I was not then made so;
And if I was not, then why should I say so?

Father.

I think, my dear child, you're a politic youth.

Child.

I thus ask, dear father, to find out the truth:
For if I a member of Jesus was made
When I was baptiz'd, as you before said,
Then all, not baptized, must sure go to hell!
For none but his members† with Jesus can dwell.

And

† Gal. iv. 30, 31. Rom. viii. 17. If children, then heirs:
Which proves that those who are not children, are not
heirs. So that if infants are not children of God before
they are baptized, but are made so by baptism, then
consequently all that die, and are not baptized,
must be damned. O horrid, shocking, and blasphemous
brat of antichrist! To this hear what Thomas
De-Laune says in his book, intitled, 'A plea for the
Non-conformists.' A book I would heartily recom-

C

posed

And sure my dear Saviour so cruel can't be;
Yet this is the lesson you've taught unto me!

Father.

No; I have not taught it. I told you some say,
That, in our baptism, our sin's wash'd away;
'Tis only a sign of a thing that is done.
May heaven forbid I should misguide my son.

Child.

Did not my odd-fathers and mothers then say,
That I should God's will and commandments obey;
And that I should freely, without fear or strife,
Continue therein all the days of my life.
If I keep the law, as they promise I shall,
I then see no need of a Saviour at all:
For God has declared, and his word I believe,
Who doeth these things, shall, by doing them, live.
Now, if the cold water old sins wash away,
And afterwards I the commandments obey,
Pray what must the Saviour do? surely, I see,
This way, ev'ry man his own saviour must be:
For, if we, by doing, are holy and good,
What need we of pardon? why shed he his blood?
And as, in the presence of God, they did vow,
That I should do these things; sure they must know
how?

For if before God they in darkness proceed,
They must be odd fathers and mothers indeed!

Father.

posed upon: which is a compleat answer to a book, intitled, 'A dissertation on Enthusiasm, and all of that stamp.' Also there is a new edition of *Dr. Martin Luther's Commentary on the Galatians* now publishing weekly, by Mrs. Lewis, Printer and Publisher, in Paternoster-Row, (Pr. 3d. each number) which is a compleat answer to a book, intitled, 'Justification; or the Gospel-way to Salvation.' Both written by Mr. Green, Vicar of Wymswould in Leicestershire.

The Jews said, of old, to the prophet, || Go, see
 What God would have done, and it surely shall be
 Directly compleated; be it good, or ill;
 But ah! behold how they their promise fulfill
 No sooner the prophet returns, but say they,
 We will not the word of Jehovah obey;
 But we will now do whate'er comes in our heart;
 We'll follow it's teachings, nor from it depart!
 How ready men are to make promise you see,
 But ah! to perform them, how backward they be!
 No wonder. For when these engaged for you,
 They promised more than they'd power to do.
 Nor yet are they willing to do what they say;
 For when do you see them proceed in the way?
 They say they'll renounce both the beast and his works,
 Away then to feasting like Pagans and Turks;
 Their promise and odd-child are thought of no more,
 Their bellies are now all the God they adore.

Child.
 Pray what is required of persons, when they
 Come to be baptiz'd? A sign 'tis you say.
 Pray what's it a sign of? What blessings shall I
 When rightly baptized, in Jesus enjoy?
 Father.

First, it is required, e'er a right to 't you win,
 Repentance whereby you forsake ev'ry sin,
 And faith in the Saviour, whereby you may know
 Each promise is yours, while you're dwelling below.
 'Tis a sign of the Saviour, who did us redeem,
 Once bury'd, and risen, and that we, in him
 Are bury'd and risen his glory to see:
 That, as he is holy, in him so are we.
 'Tis a sign, and no more, of our regeneration,
 That we are now saved from hell and damnation.

C 2

'Tis

|| Jer. xlii. 5, 6. xlii. 16, 17. * 1 Pet. iii. 21. Rom. vi. 3, 4.

'Tis a sign of the blessings the gospel reveals;

'Tis a sign of the thing which the Spirit there seals.

Child.

But if I repent, and forsake ev'ry sin,
Shall I not then have a pure heaven within?

Father.

Repentance is turning, and, turn here or there,
Sin still will turn after you, till you repair
To Jesus, who bore all your sins on the tree;
There may you forsake them, and quite happy be.

Child.

One thing, about baptism, more I would say:
You say, 'tis a sign that our sin's wash'd away.
But I saw the black-man give my brother a cross;
What that should be for, I am quite at a loss.

Father.

He told you, that this was in token that he
Should cleave unto Jesus, and his company.
And that he should not be ashamed of the faith;
But boldly confess it, and fight, unto death,
Against the vain world, who the same shall oppose,
The flesh and the devil. And likewise all those
Who hail master cry; yet nevertheless
They persecute those who this Saviour confess.

Child.

Then these are the turn-coats, who Christ have deny'd,
And don't confess Jesus, and him crucify'd;
These depart from the church, their baptism forsake;
Are not these the ranters, of whom Paul did speak;
Who, having the form, yet the powers deny;
And yet huzza! God bless the Church! they will cry?

Father.

You rightly have judged; for these crucify him;
They own him in words, but in works they deny him.

Child.

Child.

But one day, dear father, I saw you to stay,
Eat bread and drink wine after some went away.
What did you do that for? Some told me, that you
Thought to get to heaven for what you did do.
If so, I confess you've a strange way of thinking,
That God should give heaven for eating and drinking;
That he of his creatures should make you a feast,
And then give you heaven for being his guest!

Father.

Dear child, be not hasty, have patience, and you
Shall learn, that your father these shadows see thro'.
'Tis the body of Jesus, once giv'n for me
When dying on Calv'ry, that makes my soul free.
'Tis the blood that was shed, that for sin did atone;
By this we're preserv'd, and by this alone.
We eat in remembrance of the thing done;
And so, by faith, feed on God's well-belov'd Son:
Discerning the body, which once, on the tree,
Was wounded and bruised, to make my soul free;
My spirit's refresh'd by love all-divine,
As now is my body by bread and by wine.

Child.

But tell me, dear father, then why do you pray,
If that you believe all your sin's done away?

Father.

I pray, that my soul may be strengthened more,
That I may the Saviour of sinners adore;
And that my dear Saviour would on me bestow
Such things I am needing while I am below.

Child.

But, father, I heard you of mercy to sing,
And say, that, in Jesus, you'd ev'ry good thing.
If God with his Jesus all blessings doth grant,
Pray tell me, dear father, what more can you want?

Father.

Father.

All things they with Jesus are given to me;
In him I can say that all mine they now be;
But they are all given that we may believe;
And out of his fulness, through faith, I receive.

Child.

Then, as a wife father, your wants he supplies?

Father.

Yes, all may come to him; for none he denies.

Child.

Methinks I do love him; I wish he was here.

Father.

Believe in his promise, he soon will appear.

Child.

O how I do long for to see the blest'd day;
Come, quickly, Lord Jesus, come, hasten away!
Be gone from my thoughts now, vain world, evermore,
That I may the Saviour of sinners adore.

O, had I the wings of a dove, I would fly

Away to my Jesus; and there I would lie,

For ever, secure in my Saviour's breast,

And be with my Jesus forever at rest!

Ye angels, who now are beholding his face,

O how I do long for to be in your place!

But all the time he has appointed I'll wait,

And then at his feet I will take my blest'd seat.

I thank my dear Saviour, he gives me a taste

Of that blessed peace which for ever shall last:

This strengthens my soul as I pass on my way,

And turneth my midnight into the bright day.

What you said, dear father, is true, now I prove:

For by meditating I'm filled with love.

All you that love Jesus, unto him now pray,

That nothing may turn me aside from the way.

And help me to praise him whom angels adore,

Who filleth my cup with his heavenly store.

Once

Once more then adieu all things sinful and vain,
For now I'm returned to Eden again.

*A letter to a poor diffident maid, directing her
how to advance herself by marriage.*

Before honour is humility. Prov. xviii. 12.

Dear friend,

IN answer to your request, I now sit down to write
a few lines. And what shall be my subject? I
think I will fix upon one that is generally
agreeable to young virgins; I mean that of ma-
trimony.

For God has said it is not good

That man alone shall be;

And therefore may the woman say,

It is not good for me.

You know that when a man has placed his affec-
tions upon a woman, he useth all the means that he
can possibly think of, to draw her affections towards
him. And if this will not do, he will then employ
some one else to speak a word in his behalf, if per-
adventure she may be persuaded. And thus, with
the cords of a man, even with fair promises and fine
speeches, she is at last drawn by these bands of love
to consent to his will, and then she becomes his wife.
And, having prov'd him faithful to his promise, her
affections are more and more towards him daily; she
now accounts him as herself, and therefore takes
share in his joys and sorrows: Neither does she think
it hard to suffer on his account, if Providence so or-
ders it, and that because she loves him.

Now when a man makes his first proposals, the
woman generally seems shy; first, from a principle
of modesty, lest the man should think her too bold.

And

† Hos. xi. 4.

And secondly, that she may the better prove whether he is in earnest with her. But upon his repeated suit, she begins to conclude, that his intentions are real. And now she begins to consider whether she can like his person; and if this seems agreeable she then diligently searches into, and well considers (if she is a wise, discreet person) whether there is an appearance of a livelihood for her in a comfortable manner; what he is worth; if he is industrious, good-tempered, and the like. And, if all things seem agreeable, then she gives up herself wholly to him, and so the nuptials are straightway solemnized. Perhaps you will say, Well, and what is all this to me? I answer, I am, as was Abraham's servant of old,† sent by my master to get him a wife. And I can assure you, that he has placed his affections upon you, and longs to make you his bride; if you are willing to espouse yourself to him. Perhaps you will say, Who is he? what is his name? and where doth he live, I pray you? I answer, He is no less a person than a prince of renown, even the prince of peace;‡ his name is agreeable to his title. The desire of all nations:§ his dwelling is in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.* But now, methinks, your expectations are all quashed at once; and you begin to cry out, Alas! then he is no match for me: for I am of mean extraction; neither have I an humble and contrite spirit; but, on the contrary, a proud and stubborn one. I well know that it is in the nature of women to be shy at the first proposals, as I before observed; but I am not to be said nay. I am quite in earnest I assure you, and so is my master also. And if he is disposed to make you his wife, why should you stand out? You know, great men sometimes fall in love with women that are poor, because

of

† Gen. xxiv. ‡ Isa. ix. 6. § Hag. ii. 7. * Isa. lvii. 15.

of their beauty, &c. Yes, say you, but this can't be my case, because there is no beauty in me: For what though I seem to make a fair shew to them that know me not, yet all that know me, know well that I am sore troubled with an hereditary disease, of which I never could get a perfect cure, although I have spent all that I had for that Intent; so that now I have nothing but rags to cover my nakedness, & neither am I able to get any better. This excuse will not do. Don't despise a good offer. You know, fancy surpasses beauty. That's only beautiful in a person's eye that seems so to themselves, though another sees no beauty in it. My master is willing to take you just as you are. Will you go with the Man? But, say you, how may I be assured that he will have me? whether he is really in earnest, or if he does not make these proposals meerly to amuse me, when in reality he has no value for me in his heart? In order to be satisfied in this point, the woman's business is to enquire into the character of the man, that she may learn whether he is a man of fidelity, or whether he is loose and vain. And, if he bears the character of a punctual man, she has then no reason to scruple his word. Well, let the most piercing eye scrutenize into the character of my Master, I can challenge the whole world, there is not one of them can say that they have ever proved him unfaithful; neither did ever any trust in him, and were confounded: Therefore you may safely confide in the stability of his promise. I know you have received many love-letters from him, where he gives you his word that he loves you: And as he never deceived any that trusted in him, you need

D

have

§ Isa. i. 5, 6, lxxv. 6.

|| xxviii. 10, 12, 13. John iii. 16.

have no doubt in this matter. But are you saying, I must have something more than bare words? Well, because he loves you, you shall have something more. Was a woman far in debt, and the man knew it, and out of his own generosity paid the whole for her, without her so much as asking him so to do: would not this be a proof of his love? Well, this is your very case; you are far in debt to divine Justice, and have nothing to pay; and as your creditor is determined to arrest you, you must lie in prison for ever, unless my Master will pay off your debt for you; and this he has done, without ever being asked by you so to do.* May you not truly say, O the riches of his grace! But if a woman has done some criminal action, for which she is condemned to die, and one out of pity to her takes her crimes on his own shoulders, and dies for her, is not love manifested here beyond contradiction? Yea, greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Well, this is your very case; you have broken the law of your Creator, and die you must, unless some one will die for you. And Oh! amazing love surpassing thought, this my Master has done for you to save your life!† But he, being almighty, has raised himself up again from the dead, and now makes love to you. Can you say him nay? Methinks you are now quite convinced of his love to you. But there arises a query, Can I love him? For two cannot walk together unless they are agreed.‡ And *better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.*§ In answer to this I must inform you, that he is every way such an agreeable Person,

* Gal. iii. 10, 13. Eph. i. 7.

† Isa. liii. 1—6.

Rom. v. 8.

‡ Amos iii. 3.

§ Prov. xv. 17.

Person, there is not one soul that ever sees him, but they directly fall in love with him. He is *white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.* His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set. His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh. His hands are as gold-rings set with beryl: his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires. His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. His MOUTH IS MOST SWEET: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved Master, and this is my most gracious Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.* Wilt thou have this Man to be thy wedded husband? Methinks I hear you say, If this is he! who can withstand the charms of so glorious a Person? He has ravished my heart with one chain of his neck. O, if you see him, tell him that I am sick of love. But stay—let not my passion overcome my reason. Is there an appearance of a livelihood for me in a comfortable manner? Let me well consider this, before I suffer my affections to lead me captive. O! there is no fear of this; for all the gold in Arabia is his: Yea, with him is durable riches and righteousness. And if he once becomes yours, then all is yours.† For your reception he has prepared a house not made with hands, so well-built that it can never be destroyed.‡ And at your service, he has a chariot made of the wood of Lebanon; the pillars thereof are of silver, the bottom thereof is of gold, the covering is of purple, the middle thereof being paved with love

D 2

for

* Cant. v. 10—16. † Prov. viii. 18. 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22.

‡ 2 Cor. v. 1.

for the daughters of Jerusalem,* And the daughters of Jerusalem are the beautiful bride, and beloved spouse of my gracious master. For her guard and attendance he has given charge to those ministering spirits that wait around the royal throne, to protect his beloved in all her ways.† And to his bride is granted, that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: Yea, she maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her cloathing is of silk and purple. And, that she may appear honourable in the eyes of all that behold her, all her household are cloathed with scarlet.‡ And now surely you must be compelled to say, that there can be no fear of wanting what good is. If you deny this offer, all the world cannot make you such another; therefore be wise in time. But are you saying, I will have him: Oh! I cannot live without him? The match is made. All hail, thou blessed bride of the Lamb!

The king of Prussia's confession of faith, which he caused to be addressed to all the Protestant ministers in the diet of the empire at Ratisbon.

I. Do not believe in the pope: nor receive
 What reformers unto me have shewn;
 But as they do agree with the sacred One-three,
 And to what his pure word doth make known.
 Should an angel appear, I would not lend an ear,
 If his message should clash with the word.
 I'm determin'd to own the pure gospel alone,
 As reveal'd by Jehovah, my Lord.

II. I fa-

*Cant.iii.9,10. †Heb.i.14. ‡Rev.xix.8. Prov.xxxi.21,22.

I saved shall be, and so likewise with me,
By Jesus my Saviour's merit,
By the wounds and the blood of my Lord and my God,
All true Christians the same shall inherit.

III.
And because that from heav'n there's no other name
giv'n
Whereby sinners they saved can be,
But the name of my Lord. He shall then be ador'd,
And I'll cleave to no other but he.

IV.

As to God's own elect, he, no doubt, doth respect
And call all men his grace to receive;
But his hardened foes, who divine grace oppose,
Can't be saved with those that believe.

IV.
And when faith it is found, there good works will
be found,

As the fire diffuses its light:
But whoever relies on his doings, he dies,
For they can't make him pure in God's sight.†
For how can our works save, when salvation we have
In no one but the dear crucify'd
If our works are our gain, then he lived in vain,
And in vain he for sinners has dy'd.

VI.

I'm baptiz'd in his death, and am washed, through
faith,

Not by water, but by the pure blood
Of Jesus, which he once shed on the tree,
And has drown'd all my sins in that flood.
And when I believ'd, then my soul was receiv'd
In the covenant, stable and sure;

The

* Acts iv. 12. † Rom. iii. 19, 20. and Gal. ii. 21.

The heavenly Three thus in one do agree
 For to seal me a son evermore;
 So the Supper I eat, while his flesh is my meat,
 And I drink of the blood all divine;
 Thus I nourished am by my God and my Lamb,
 And I prove all his blessings are mine.
 Who in Christ are made pure, and in him shall endure,
 Living righteous, they righteous shall die:
 They're made clean thro' the Word, and preserv'd
 In the Lord,
 And a present salvation enjoy.*

VII.

This is what I believe: And I other men leave
 To their conscience; with liberty free,
 In the faith I enjoy I'm determin'd to die,
 But no tyrant I ever will be.
 And let Christians behold if I hot am, or cold,
 Or if that I'm lukewarm in my love:
 I conclude, what I've said will persuade them I'm
 made

A partaker of riches above.

VIII.

With regard to the faith which the Catholic hath,
 And the priest that doth teach it. I've prov'd
 That they aim not alone at God's praise, but their
 own

And how they may by men be lov'd.

IX.

'Tis with reason that I do a Papist deny,

And a Calvinist likewise disown:

I no party will take; but, for Jesus's sake,

I'd be call'd, *A pure Christian* alone.

Yet no reason I see why I should disagree

With the doctrine of Luther, of old,

But

* John xv. 3. xvii. 17, 19. Jude 1.

But no Lutheran I'd be; and if one says, what's he?
I'm a Christian: reform'd don't be it told.

As to Calvin, (I know) yea and Luther also;

They were ministers taught by the word;

But as frail men they were, they were subject to err,

So my rule shall be, *Thus saith the Lord.*

I believe, from above, by the Spirit of Love;

They were drawn; to shew mankind the way

From the wilds of the pope, where poor sinners do

grope,

By their works, to gain heaven, each day.

But no man, I will say, shall direct me the way,

But as unto God's word he does lead;

My soul shall, at last, both confess and hold fast

Gospel-truth: likewise in that proceed.

And no doctrine shall be e'er esteemed by me

That does not agree with the word;

Prove all things, says Paul; when I've proved them all,

I will cleave to Jehovah, my Lord.

The recruiting officer's speech.

And every one that was in distress, and every one

that was in debt, and every one that was discon-

tented, gathered themselves unto him, [David]

and he became a captain over them. 1 Sam. xxii.

2. compare with Heb. ii. 10. and Matt. xxii:

9, 10.

ALl captivated sinners who are willing to serve
 his majesty Jehovah, in the royal regiment of
 saints, commanded by the truly honourable the Lord
 Jesus Christ, and in captain Immanuel's company;
 let them repair to the sound of the gospel, or to my
 quarters at the Lamb's inn in the city of Zion or

New

New Jerusalem, where the company now lies: * where they shall be kindly entertained, enter into present pay and free quarters. † And the very moment they enlist, they shall be adopted into the royal family, and made sons and heirs of the matchless King: ‡ and in consequence thereof, shall receive a kingdom that cannot be removed: || shall have to drink wine and milk, without money and without price. § And for their farther encouragement, so soon as they shall join their respective regiments, they shall receive all new cloaths, such that will never wear out; ¶ with arms and accoutrements sufficient to withstand every adversary, ** and all things necessary for a Christian soldier. So thanks be to God for his unspeakable gifts.

1.
YE sinners, who willing are now to enlist,
And soldiers become of the Lord Jesus Christ;
The great king of Sion commands to declare,
He'll take in his service the vilest that are.

2.
You that are distressed and far run in debt,
And sore discontented, because you can't get
A righteousness answering ev'ry command,
Come, here is one ready wrought out to your hand!

3.
To-day we beat up for the regiment of saints,
Commanded by Jesus, in whom all our wants
Are fully supplied, and we made quite free;
Come, sinners, enlist, and you happy will be.

4. **J**e-

* Rev. xiv. 1—7. Heb. xii. 22—28.

† Luke x. 33, 34. Isa. lxi. 1, 2. ‡ Rom. viii. 14—18.

|| Heb. xii. 28. § Isa. lv. 1. ¶ Rev. viii. 48. Isa. li. 6.

** Eph. vi. 11—18.

we'll

Jehovah's our captain; our company lies
In Zion the glorious, where each one enjoys
Their freedom to feast with the gracious I AM:
Come, join ye all company (Grave) of the Lamb!

Come all who're disposed to lift volunteer,
Our captain commandeth each soul to draw near,
Repair to the fount of the gospel of Christ,
Where grace is extended to all who'll insist.

Come, sinners, to Jesus, now ~~hasten away~~, W
The moment you list, you shall have present pay,
And likewise ~~for sinners~~ you ~~sinners~~ shall receive,
Here's good entertainment for all that believe. bnA

The fatlings are kill'd, and here's wine of the best,
The king at the head of the table is plac'd;
Cries, come in, beloved, who fightest for me?
He surely shall none that are conquerors be.

And that you may farther encouragement find,
The moment you are to the company join'd,
You shall have new cloathing to hide all your shame,
That you may appear before God without blame.

Abundance of grace you shall likewise receive. ps. 11
Free pardon is given to all that believe. ps. 138
With arms and accoutrements; that you may know
Which way to withstand the implacable foe. ps. 138

Yea, all things in Jesus are freely made known to us, given,
Below all believers partake of all heavenly gifts, worth of W
Yea, nought is kept back from Israel's saints,
For Jesus, Jehovah supplies all our wants.

The merry heart's apology for his merry tunes.

Is any merry? let him sing psalms, or songs of
praise. James v. 13.

TOO long hath singing been employ'd
Unto the serpent's glory;
Jesus's praises set aside,

While some deluding story
Has ensnar'd our souls to sin,
Whilst that each tune delighting,
And ev'ry pleasant voice hath been
Lucifer's praise inditing,

O why should Satan honour'd be
With the delightful'st music,
Whilst that our songs move heavily
Unto the God that gives it?

Is not ev'ry pleasant voice
Tun'd by the God of Heaven?
And is not each melodious noise
By the Redeemer given?

3.
If that the organ of the ear
Is by the Saviour formed;
Likewise the voice that sings so clear

Is by Jehovah charm'd;
If that the tongue and lips they be
By the Redeemer moved,
Who should have all our praise; but he,
Jesus, the best-beloved?

4.

If that the Lord has form'd each sound
Sweet and delightfully merry,
Then let us in his praises abound,
Sing we and never be weary:
Let ev'ry instrument be us'd
Unto their Maker's glory:
Pray let them be no more abus'd
With some vain carnal story.

5.

Pray why should you, my brethren dear,
With me now be displeased,
When that with merry noise you hear
I have my voice now raised
Unto the God of peace above,
Who hath my soul now blessed
With his redeeming, pard'ning love,
Where my affections are placed?

6.

You a vain song can fit and hear,
Made for to please the creature;
In it you'll join without shame or fear,
Slighting the great Creator:
That you're displeasing the Lord with this,
You are by no means wary;
Likewise your tune cannot here be amis,
Tho' it is light and airy.

7.

Sure at a gnat you strain and frown,
While that, with ease and pleasure,
You can a camel swallow down;
Empty is all such treasure:
Therefore my songs aloud I'll chant
In ev'ry note delighting;
While I'm alive, old Belzebub than't
Hire ev'ry tune inviting.

E 2

Music

Might put in the way to be a band.

*If that the heart be merry,
Sweet and delightfully merry,
Then let us in his praises sound.*

Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Unto their Maker's ear.

Prest to obey the devil:
Drunken, or lewd, or light the way,
Flows to the soul's undoing;

Widen'd, and threw'd with flow is the way,
Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent sound recover,

Fly on the prey and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover,

Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,
Every melting measure;

Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure!

Come, let us try if Jesu's love
Will not as well inspire us.

This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth shall fire us.

Say, if your hearts are turn'd to song,
Is there a subject greater?

Harmony all its strains may bring,
Jesu's name is sweeter.

Jesu the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion.

Jesu's name is joy and peace,
Happiness and salvation.

While I'm alive, old friends and young,
I'll sing ev'ry tune inviting.

While I'm alive, old friends and young,
I'll sing ev'ry tune inviting.

Merry hearts companion.

39

Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Shew us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.
Who hath a right like us to sing,
Us whom his mercy raises?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is king,
Chearful are all our faces.
Who of his love does once partake,
He in that love rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.
He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never ceasing;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Honour and thanks and blessing.
Then let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation,
Glory ascribe to Love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer,
Only believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is ours forever.

Young
I think of the danger you are in;
Stop, ye belov'd slaves to sin;
And to counsel good

Give

Young Timothy's resolution.

From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures,
which are able to make thee wise unto salvation,
through faith which is in Christ Jesus: 2 Tim
iii. 15.

Young Timothy, while yet a youth,
Set out to seek the Lord in truth,
Nor did he seek in vain;
But found the Lord his only rest:
True peace and joy his heart possess'd
While he believably confess'd
The Saviour for him slain.

Each carnal swain did him deride,
And, mocking, said, He is beside
Himself, and going mad.
They prais'd the pleasures of the grove,
And him invite with them to rove,
To take their swing in carnal love;
But he reply'd and said:

Ye souls who run from grove to grove,
Whose hearts delight in carnal love,
And seek for earthly joy;
Whose breasts unhallow'd fires burn,
And thoughts to earthly pleasures turn,
What you pursue with such concern,
Will sure your souls destroy.

Stop, ye deluded slaves to sin,
Think of the danger you are in;
Attend to counsel good:

Give

Give ear awhile, and hear my song,
Receive instruction from my tongue,
Follow the pleasures that belong
To Jesus and his blood:

5.
Can carnal mirth e'er bless the heart,
Or fleshly joy such bliss impart,
As Christ's disciples know?
Can wanton pleasures ever give
The solid joy which those receive,
Who in the Son of God believe,
And follow him below?

6.
True, carnal lovers can inspire
Their breasts with that unhallow'd fire,
Which burns the carnal swain:
But those who know the love of God,
Which they enjoy, thro' Jesu's blood,
They long to leave this earthly clod,
With him to live and reign.

7.
None else shall captivate my heart,
Or in the same shall have a part,
But that dear Man divine:
His blood and wounds does him endear
To me. Nor will I value e'er
The treach'rous nymph as false as fair,
Altho' her beauties shine.

8.
Is she possess'd of bags of gold?
To these my heart shall be as cold,
As Greenland's frozen seas:
None but the maid that loves the Lamb,
And glories in his death and name,
Content to bear his cross and shame,
Can e'er my fancy please.

Young

The true use of music: or,

Young Phebe's reply.

WHile Timothy did thus disdain

The maid that was not born again.

Young Phebe did reply:

Think not, young Timothy, that we

So void of sense and reason be,

To join ourselves in unity

With those who Christ deny.

No, we have each a soul to save,

And do believe, beyond the grave,

There is a world to come:

Then, if we are dispos'd to wed,

We'll chuse a Christian for our head,

Who doth within the footsteps tread

Of him that calls us home.

Should we possess the world at will,

Yet we should be the loser still,

If we should e'er be ty'd

To one that seeks not things above,

Howe'er he may our bodies love,

He'll prove a lion, not a dove,

And draw our hearts aside.

But think not I conform to you,

To gain a husband: For, it's true,

My soul's already wed.

The Lord my husband is! And I

In him do solid peace enjoy,

And for his sake I'll all deny,

And in his footsteps tread.

5.

I in this state am perfect free,
And therefore prize my liberty,
And hope I fast shall stand:
Yet if kind Providence should find
A sweet companion to my mind,
Where heart and hand in truth are join'd,
We'll then go hand in hand.

*The diffident maid's answer to the proposals
lately made to her.*

Sir,

I Received yours, and to my great surprize read
the contents; but I considered, all things are
possible with him of whom you speak: And what
though it does not become us to be bold and presu-
ming, yet good manners teaches, to give an answer
when a question is asked us. You informed me
where your Master made his abode; I searched,
and "I have found him whom my soul loveth;
and truly I can say, "The half of his glory was not
told me—Oh! if you see my Beloved, tell him that
I am sick of love." But shall I content myself with
a transient view of his glory? No: "As the hart
panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul
after thee; O my Beloved! thy Name is as oint-
ment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love
thee." Since thou art willing to accept of me just
as I am, I cannot refuse so kind an offer.—Will
you favour us with your company on the day of
espousals? But O! 'tis done; my doubts are all
fed and gone; I now prove that his sweet saying
true, "They that know thy Name, will put their
trust in thee."

F

The

The Ceremony.

Minister. "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready."

Jesus. "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb."

Soul. Amen, Alleluja.*

Minister. Let the heavens and the earth bear witness that "I have espoused you to one Husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ."†

Jesus. "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee."‡

Soul. Other Lords beside thee have had dominion over me; but by thee only will I now make mention of thy Name.§

Minister. "I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.¶"

Jesus. "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.‡"

Soul. "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.¶¶" Therefore,

Let

Rev. 19. 4-9. † 2 Cor. xi. 2. ‡ Isa. lxiii. 5.

§ Ps. xxvi. 13. ¶ Luke xv. 10. ¶¶ Isa. xliii. 2.

¶¶ Ps. lxxiii. 24, 25, 26.

Let angels shout, and heavens sing,
And ev'ry creature praises bring;
My soul, once lost, in Christ is found,
And I, once dead, with life am crown'd.
I never can a widow be;
Because the man that marries me
For ever lives, will never die;
O what a happy wife am I!

Servant. Well! I heartily wish you much joy,
and hope you will prove a faithful wife; be careful
that you let no other lover intice your affections
from the Bridegroom of your souls: I must leave
you for this time, and hope, when I see you or hear
from you again, that you will give me some account
of the blessings that attend the nuptial state. Vale.

The heavenly guardiants are ready to conduct the
happy bride to the general assembly and church of
the first-born. Transported with joy, she cries out,
"He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his
banner over me was love."* The company sa-
lutes her with a "Come in, thou blessed of the
Lord;" and ask of her one of the songs of Sion, she
replies:

DO men desire a song of me,
Let me my subject chuse;
Let my Belov'd my subject be,
And then I can't refuse.
The fairest of ten thousand I
Will make my pleasing theme:
His love I'll sing, his constancy,
His beauty, and his Name.

F 2

2. 30

* Heb. xii. 22, 23. Cant. ii. 4.

2.

So comely was he, that he stole
 (With one sweet look) my heart;
 Led captive my enamour'd soul;
 From him I can't depart.
 Long was I sick, when not assur'd
 He lov'd and valu'd me;
 His gracious word my ease procur'd,
 And mov'd my misery.

3.

He bore my grief, and let me lay
 My head upon his breast;
 Then cry'd, I've wash'd thy sins away—
 My fears and trembling ceas'd.
 One half of his amazing love
 My tongue can never tell;
 The peace I ev'ry moment prove
 Is sure unspeakable.

4.

So very beautiful beside;
 So more than fair and bright,
 That when I look on him (who dy'd)
 I'm ravish'd at the sight;
 Yea he is altogether good;
 Should any ask his Name,
 He's call'd the Naz'rene (roll'd in blood;)
 But his best Name's the Lamb.

A letter to a friend under the agonies of a wounded conscience.

And the inhabitant (of Sion) shall not say, I am sick: The people that dwell therein, shall be forgiven their iniquity. Isa. xxxiii. 24. See Acts x. 43.

Dear friend,

HAVING just now been looking over my dispensatory, I have there found a receipt for a wounded conscience; and as the same is a very valuable one, I have here sent it to you. Take the book of God, called, The Bible, and there you will find the description of a certain physic, called, *The Balm of Gilead*;* which is an infallible remedy against all spiritual diseases, and the only one in the whole world. This balm is a mixture of blood and water, beaten well together with an almighty rod. It is of the nature of milk and wine, both nourishing and strengthening; and it is to the taste sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb.† There is but one Doctor in the world that sells this valuable medicine, and he lives in Kirjath-sepher; ‡ his Name: is Jesus Christ. You will be sure to find him, if you seek as he directs you in his gospel. There is wrote over his door, Whoever comes, I will in no wise cast out; and if you knock, he will be sure to open to you. It is true, there

* Jer. viii. 22.

† Ps. xix. 10.

‡ i. e. A city of letters, Josh. xv. 16. and answers to John vii. 39. and 2 Tim. iii. 15.

are many quacks in the town, who, if you should enquire of them, will give this Doctor and his balm a bad word, and never direct you to him, that so they may get off their own bad goods, which will rather destroy than cure you; therefore be careful that you are not imposed upon. And because he well knows how souls are destroyed by those, therefore "He standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths. He crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men. O ye simple, understand wisdom, and ye fools, be of an understanding heart.* He also sells his medicines freely, without money, or without price. And he sends a comfortable messenger with the same; so that whoever makes use of it, shall be sure to receive the blessings promised.† The first directions he gives should be well observed: "O ye simple, understand wisdom." And where are we made truly wise? In the gospel. This is the shop of physic, every bottle (i. e. promise) is full; and it is like the widow's cruise of oil; pour out as long as you will, it will never grow less; so that, if all the world should come here, they might all be supplied. For he "giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." You know it is a common saying, Let every one praise the bridge that carries them safe over: And because this bridge has carried me safe over, I therefore speak well of it. Nay, I cannot help speaking well of this physician and his medicine; for I was once grievously wounded myself, and I sought help of all the physicians this world afford-

ed,
 Prov. viii and ii.

† Isa. lv. 1, 2, 3. John vii. 37, 38, 39. and i. 12.

ed, but grew nothing better, but rather worse; yea, from the crown of my head, to the sole of my foot, was full of wounds and bruises; my whole head was sick, and my whole heart was faint! And the very first time that I drank of God's everlasting love, as it is administered to poor sinners through the dispensation of the gospel, it cured me of all my diseases in a moment! And the Doctor tells me, I shall no more say I am sick; and I have good reason to believe him: For, forever praised be his Name, I have not had one sick hour for sixteen years and upwards.

Then, do I find a sinner poor?
 I'll send him to my doctor's door:
 My doctor freely cureth all,
 Both old and young, both great and small.
 You freely welcome are to come,
 My doctor never goes from home:
 Come when you will you're sure to find
 My doctor in a willing mind.
 Have you got nothing good to bring?
 My doctor wanteth no good thing:
 Are you both naked, blind and lame,
 And nothing have to hide your shame?
 O come, you shall admittance find!
 My doctor casteth none behind.
 Are you both deaf, yea, blind and dead?
 Fear not. Lift up your drooping head:
 This balm gives sight, makes deaf to hear,
 Gives life to dead; † so do not fear.
 Come try this balm, the gospel try,
 Who lives on this shall never die.

Are
 • Rev. iii. 18, Isa. xlii. 18, Col. iii. 13: †

Are you despairing of your case?
 Come, Jesus will your soul embrace:
 The Prodigal when he doth come,
 Will surely find a welcome home.
 Come, he doth cry, look unto me,
 Believe the truth and happy be.
 Come sinners at the gospel call,
 My Saviour will receive you all:
 Come, Peter's, who've deny'd your Lord,
 He will to you his help afford;
 Come, David's, who have murder done,
 You need not die, because a son
 For you is born, to you is given,
 A Saviour, is come down from heaven;
 He dy'd for you, that you might be,
 From death, and hell, and sin set free!
 Do you appear in Rahab's dye,
 Polluted with adultery;
 A liar! and a traitor too?
 The Saviour dy'd for such as you:
 Let all your sins now be abhor'd,
 And turn you unto David's Lord,
 Like Rahab, you will pardon have,
 For Jesu's nature is to save.
 Tho' you're a Magdalene, in lust,
 You safely may in Jesus trust,
 As one that dy'd, for such as you;
 O, come! believe, the record true.
 Tho' seven devils, in you be,
 The blood of Christ will set you free.
 Come, let thy soul with this be fed,
 My doctor bruise'd the serpent's head:
 If to those seven, seven more
 Were to them added, yet the pow'r
 Of all the devils hell cou'd hold,
 Was spoil'd when Christ to death was sold:

Then

Then hell, the grave, and all therein;
 Death, devil, and the law, and sin:
 Our old-man, Satan's eldest son,
 Was slain, when Jesu's blood did run.
 Then did the Saviour vict'ry gain,
 When he for all our sins was slain:
 'Twas then he broke the serpent's head;
 Yea, spoil'd his pow'r, as God hath said.
 'Twas then he from the Father's sight
 Remov'd our sin, that so we might
 Return to God, and find access
 Through his pure blood and righteousness.
 And thus God was in Christ we see,
 Removing each iniquity,
 And since that truly blessed day,
 When justice did the Saviour slay,
 The law of God is so fulfill'd,
 For ev'ry hell-deserving child,
 That God, in justice, can forgive
 Each soul who doth in Christ believe.

Well, my friend, what say you, can you find a
 better doctor than this? I know you cannot, there-
 fore come to him; he loves you, and as a proof of
 it, gave himself for your sins, that he might re-
 deem you from this present evil world. Come then,
 feed on this blessed balm, the gospel of your sal-
 vation: so shall your soul prosper, and you will
 grow stronger and stronger, in the grace which is
 in Christ Jesus; and then you will have your fruit
 unto holiness, and your end everlasting life. Amen.

What can sinners wish for more?
 Food is given to the poor!
 Jesus bids them welcome too;
 What would sinners have him do?

A letter from a sailor to his friend: With the sailor's song.

Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.
Compare Acts xxvii. 31. with John xv. 3—12.

Dear friend,

HAVING been informed that you are disposed to take a voyage to sea, I took the freedom to send you my proposals; so that if you chuse to go in my ship, you may know where she lies, when she sets sail, and what encouragement you may expect if you go with me. My ship's name is the Royal Refuge. She's commanded by the truly honourable the Lord Immanuel. She lies in the gospel dock-yard: there she receives all comers, and her commander gives security that nothing shall be lost that is safely put on board. The port she is bound for is Mount-Sion.* To-day she enters the names of the passengers, and will set sail so soon as she has got her full compliment.† Those who sail in her to the port she's bound for, shall receive a crown of righteousness, life everlasting, and the enjoyment of celestial pleasures for ever and ever. I would farther inform you, that you neither need bring cloaths or bedding; for, in my ship, there is all things necessary for the voyage, and you may depend upon a safe passage; for our commander, who is Lord of the seas, always steers the ship himself. And I can farther promise you, that if you sail in this royal ship, you shall soon be at the haven where you would be.‡ Come then,

* Deut. xxxiii. 27, 29. Mal. iii. 16, 17, 18. Jer. xxxii. 40.

† Matt. xxiv. 31. Rev. xiv. 1—7.

‡ Ps. cvii. 20—30. John vi. 21. Heb. iii. 7—19.

then, and bring all you can persuade to come along
with you; for "yet there is room." Come,

Nothing venture, nothing have,
Our cause is good, let's act the brave:

Let us go up at once, and possess the good land,
the land flowing with milk and honey; for that
we are bound: and what though thousands and
ten thousands are our enemies, in the strength of
our commander we shall overcome them.

Then only be courageous, we,
Thro' him, shall more than conqu'rors be.

I.

Come all who will venture to sea,
Who're turning your backs on the land,
Come venture on ship—board with me,
And linger no more on the sand:
Come, all our ship's company here,
Let's sail altogether in love,
No danger or enemies fear,
We soon shall be landed above.

2.

What tho' the seas rage, and do swell,
Our captain the winds does command,
Says, Verily all shall go well,
And still holds us fast in his hand:
In vain all our enemies strive,
Tho' guns they do point at our head;
Their fury keeps us more alive,
But leaves them more wretched and dead.

3.

The ark on the water doth move;
His mercy has closed us in;

He bids us abide in his love;
 And here we're preserved from sin;
 By faith, we his glory do see;

His wonders appear in the deep;
 He'll soon make our enemies flee,
 But Israel in safety he'll keep.

Provision enough for the way,

Our bread and our water is sure,
 And Jesus, our captain, doth say,
 His mercies for ever endure:

Our refuge and strength is the Lord,

Who still with his people doth dwell;
 The Jonahs he'll cast over-board,
 Who causeth the waters to swell.

5.

Our state is both needy and poor,

But we on free mercy rely,

In Jesus rejoice evermore,

Who gives us a daily supply:

And therefore for all we give thanks,

Submit to the will of our God:

If Jordan o'erflows all its banks,

Yet mercy comes streaming thro' blood,

6.

The pirates can do us no wrong,

For we have got nothing to lose;

Our bodies and souls, they belong

To Jesus, O wonderful news!

The anchor is fixt in his love;

He still holds us fast in his hand:

And at his command we shall move,

And safely on Zion shall land.

7.

The storms and the tempests may blow,
But yet we're secure on the rock;
Th' foundation there's none can o'erthrow:
Christ says, "Fear thou not, little flock."
A kingdom for us is prepar'd;
By faith, we keep this in our view:
We ever shall be with the Lord;
His promise our strength does renew.

8.

The earnest already's receiv'd;
The bargain forever must stand:
God's promise and oath, when believ'd,
Are to us a perfect seal'd hand.†
Our treasure is laid up in bank,
Our portion's secure in our King,
Our bill for our passage is frank'd,
Therefore in our beds let us sing.

9.

Pray do not the matter despise,
Because that the instrument's weak;
To open the mad prophet's eyes
God made the dumb, as for to speak.
In Jesus's love may you rest,
Be taught ev'ry thing in his word;
If instruments to you are bless'd,
Give glory alone to the Lord.

Vale.

The faithful lover.

“Charity never faileth.”

OF all the names in heav'n above,
Which are to sinners shewn,
There's none so powerful as love,
The gospel this makes known;

When

† Heb. vi. 16—20. Ephes. i. 13

When God himself became a man,
 Put on a house of clay;
 This love is pure, which doth endure,
 When death takes life away.

2.
 'Twas love that made him cast an eye
 Upon our ruin'd race;
 Through love he laid his glory by,
 And took a servant's place;
 'Twas love, free, love, and only love
 That taught him to obey:
 This love is pure, &c.

3.
 Thro' love he sojourn'd here below,
 Endur'd much pain and grief;
 He bore our sin, and felt our woe,
 To give our souls relief:
 He walk'd in love when all deride,
 And none did homage pay!
 This love is pure, &c.

4.
 When, sweating drops of sacred blood,
 He mounts on Calvary-hill,
 Despis'd by all he meekly stood,
 And lov'd his creatures still!
 He cry'd, My Father, O forgive!
 Their ransom I will pay:
 This love is pure, &c.

5.
 Nor could his love be turn'd from them,
 Who for his blood did thirst,
 Who did the innocent condemn;
 But they shall be the first
 Who shall the blessed tidings hear:
 Jerusalem shall know

His

His love is pure, and doth endure,
Though they have us'd him so !

From Cant. iii.

I.
MY soul adores the Man divine!
His love hath won this heart of mine;
I can no longer doubt;
He means my worthless soul to bless;
True peace and joy I now possess;
Believing in his righteousness,
My fears are blotted out.

2.
By night I sought him on my bed,
But my Belov'd was from me fled,
Nor did regard my cry;
Then I arose and trac'd the street,
In hopes my Well-belov'd to meet,
When I would fall before his feet,
But still he pass'd by.

3.
Then to the watchmen I repair'd,
And unto them my wants declar'd,
Saw ye my Love, I said?
But, passing by them all, I found
My Love, which made my joys abound;
With sweet delight my soul is crown'd,
My sorrows all are fled.

4.
The watchmen, they (alas!) are blind;
I ask'd of them, but could not find
My love; they saw him not:

He was departed from their fold;
 Their hearts to him were dead and cold,
 Their goodly doings they behold,
 But have their Lord forgot.

5.

I fought, and found my Lord at last;
 Then by his word I held him fast,
 I would not let him go,
 Till I had brought him to the house
 Of his belov'd but careless spouse,
 Who had departed from her vows,
 And wander'd too and fro.

6.

My dear and well-beloved King
 Into the chamber I did bring
 Of her that me conceiv'd,
 That all her children yet might see
 His love unchangeable and free,
 The same to all eternity,
 As when she first believ'd.

7.

I charge you, O ye daughters all,
 That ye no more from Jesus fall,
 Or cause him to depart;
 By sin don't drive my Love away,
 Nor stir him up until that day,
 When he to his belov'd shall say,
 I'll fix thee near my heart.

From

From Cant. v.

1.
I Charge you, O daughters of Sion, if you
Should find my Belov'd as you pass on your way,
O tell him my love is so constant and true,
So fixt in its center, it cannot decay;
My heart is so ravish'd with what I do prove,
That I'm overcome, yea, I sick am of love.

2.
What is thy Beloved, the daughters reply'd,
To thee, a poor stray'd and a wandering sheep?
Thou art fair and comely, this can't be deny'd,
Tho' once, in thy blood, thou didst sorrow and
[weep]
Yet what's thy Beloved now unto thee more—
Than other beloved's thou lovedst before?

3.
O my Well-beloved is ruddy and white,
The chiefeft is he, tho' ten thousand among;
He is altogether most lovely and bright,
My God and my Saviour, my strength and my
[song]
His Blood and his righteousness covers me o'er;
In him I'm compleat, and I ask for no more.

4.
With beautiful things and rich spices below,
I'll set forth the glory of Jesus my King,
That those, who are strangers, his mercy may know,
And join his beloved, his mercy to sing;
For when they have learnt how beloved they are,
They'll surely bow down to this lovely and fair.

H

5. O,

5.
O, my Well-beloved, "his mouth is most sweet;"
Yea, he's altogether delightful and fair:
The wounds in his hands, and his side, and his feet,
Do prove that he lov'd us, while sinners we were.
This love, so endearing, has ravish'd my heart,
I cannot from such a dear Saviour depart.

6.
The word that he speaketh, "O Father, forgive!"
Is language so sweet, that it winneth my soul;
He laid down his life that poor sinners might live;
And I, by his stripes, am compleatly made whole!
And therefore no Saviour I ever will own
In heaven or Earth, but my Jesus alone.

7.
This is my Beloved, and this is my friend,
Ye daughters of Sion, ye friends of the Lamb.
I know that his mercy it knoweth no end,
Therefore to his service devoted I am.
I'll say to each rival that e'er shall appear,
There now is no room—my Beloved is here.

Another from the same.

1.
MY Well-belov'd I'll go and see,
A fair and comely one is he,
The chief of all the rest:
Amidst ten thousand him I view,
And him adore, and love him too,
Because I prove his love so true,
In whom I now am blest'd!

I view my Love from limb to limb,
And still am more wrapp'd up in him:

His head I do behold
From blemish, spot, or wrinkle clear,
While love and beauty sparkle there;
To me it daily doth appear
Just like the purest gold.

His bushy locks as black, I see,
As any raven e'er could be,
So comely to the sight;
His body all so white and clean,
Not tainted with the smallest stain,
That he appears, when-e'er he's seen,
As ivory so bright.

His eyes are as the doves, so clear,
Which daily stand the rivers near,
And wash therein each day:
And, by the gospel-glass, I see,
Thro' them he looks and smiles at me,
'Tis here that fixt they set they be,
And can't be turn'd away.

His cheeks are like the bloomy rose,
Or like the scent that daily flows
From off the spicy bed;
His lips like lilies are, so sweet,
That whensoever with mine they meet,
I do my Well-beloved greet
As one 'rose from the dead.

His hands are like the rings of gold
Which have no end; so I behold
His endless love to me.

I likewise see the diamond shine,
 And read the story, all divine;
 I'm his beloved, and he is mine,
 And ever more shall be.

His legs like marble pillars are,
 So beautiful, so stout, so rare,
 To bear the mighty weight:
 His people's sins on him were laid;
 He bore them all, their ransom paid,
 So that they need not be afraid
 To come within his sight.

On sockets, set in purest gold,
 These lovely pillars I behold,
 That I may certain be
 This bless'd foundation can't decay;
 When heav'n and earth, likewise the sea,
 And all therein, shall pass away,
 It shall go well with me.

The everlasting flower. A poem.

I Would here put my readers in mind, that was
 I to say much in praise of this Poem, it
 would discover that pride and vanity in me, that
 (knowing the weight of) I am not willing to bur-
 den others with. And was I to make apologies
 for my inability, (which I am sensible of) perhaps
 that might paint out as much hypocrisy and volun-
 tary humility, as the curious eye will see of weak-
 ness and insufficiency, if I say nothing about it.
 And therefore I shall only say, Take it just as it is,
 and thou art welcome to it; and if thou wilt not
 forgive what's amiss in it, I can't help it. The
 abruptness of its beginning, makes me think it
 convenient

convenient to tell you, that as I was walking in the fields, in the month of October, I observed the leaves to fall very fast from the trees, caused by three or four sharp frosty nights, which put me in mind of the state of man, whose glory fades as a leaf. And while I was thus musing on the solitariness of the season, I beheld a fresh blooming flower, not as yet hurt by the weather, I then considered how fitly a Christian might be compared to a flower, and where he might be preserved from the Winter storms. On these considerations I began to compose the following Poem, and as it came into my mind I stopped and wrote, until I had run it unto the length you here see it, and now I put it into your hands, make what use you will of it, I have done my part. And if you ask, where I find shelter from the storms of divine wrath? I answer:

I.
By faith in Jesus Christ, I hide
Beneath his wings, I safe abide;
In him I am secure:
The Winter storms can't hurt me here,
No, Summer always doth appear;
Of this I now am sure.

2.
The Rose of Sharon now I view,
And lily of the valley too;
No flower is so fair.
Of all the sweets Spring doth afford,
There's none so sweet as Christ, my Lord,
None can with him compare.

3.
How pleasant is the lovely Spring,
When little birds do sweetly sing,
And flowers they do grow?

But,

But, oh, how sweet is Jesu's love!
This is the note I prize above
All things on earth below.

The Winter now is fled and gone;
And Autumn seasons they have none,

Who live in Christ secure:
They're fed and shelter'd from this tree,
And by its leaves they healed be,

Their bread and water's sure.*

This Shelt'ring-place for all is free;
So likewise on this blessed Tree

Twelve fruits you'll always find,
And ev'ry month the year around,

The fruit upon this Tree is found,
It grows for all mankind.

*The everlasting flower; or, serious thoughts
upon the Winter season, recommended to the
believer in Jesus.*

WHile I was musing, thou cam'st in my mind,
And, tho' its Winter, did a flower find.
I look'd about, and saw the leaves decay,
The frosty mornings took their sap away.
But does not nature here a wonder shew,
That leaves shall fall, and yet a flower grow?
Does God (like man) respect it for its glory,
And it preserve, when leaves he down does hurry?
No, take his answer; hear what God doth say,
The grass does wither, flowers fade away;
Nature doth shew itself alike to all,
The works of nature, must, by nature, fall.

Nature

* Isa. xxxii. 2. Cant. ii. 10, 11, 12. Rev. xxii. 2.

Nature does give, and nature takes away,
 The works of nature flourish but a day.
 Like grass, and leaves, and flowers, so is man;
 His life's a shadow, and his days a span:
 Awhile, in nature, here he draws his breath,
 Then nature fails, he's swept away by death.
 Perhaps to-day he's flourishing and green,
 To-morrow is cut off, no more is seen.
 Death, like the frost, does soon dry up the sap,
 And then the noblest hero down must drop.
 But to my flower I'll again repair,
 Behold I see it beautiful and fair!
 The storms have beat against it very sore,
 But its as fresh as e'er it was before:
 The frosts have come upon it, but in vain,
 The sap does in my flower still remain.
 And now, methinks, I hear a flow'rist say,*
 Where grows this lovely flower, tell me, pray?
 The best of flowers I have careful sought,
 But in my garden such a one is not;
 Nor can I think, that nature can procure
 A flower that the Winter can endure.
 Pray tell me what the name of it may be,
 That I may this uncommon flower see?

Reply.

My flower (fir) is fitly call'd a rose,
 In nature's garden (fir) it never grows;
 Nor is it by the work of nature fed,
 It buds and blossoms in a second head:
 Not in the head that nature does afford;
 No, in the head that's given by the Lord.
 This flower once in nature's garden grew,
 And then did fade, as other flowers do.

It

* The flowerist is supposed to be a curious carnal-minded man, as *As. xvii. 21.*

It was cut off; but, while it with' red lay,
 The Lord of nature passed by that way,
 Who power has to kill, and make alive,
 And he, in love, my flower did revive;
 He also set it in his garden, where
 The Winter-storms shall never it come near.
 He likewise clos'd it round with flames of fire;
 So that if any stranger should desire
 To pluck this flower, it will be in vain;
 It's safe within these walls, so shall remain.
 Those flames of fire daily give it light,
 'Therefore this flower never sees the night.
 Those flames, on each side, are to it a wall,
 And it against it grows, like cedars tall.
 Its daily warm'd by this celestial flame,
 And nurs'd and cherish'd daily by the same.*
 I mean, the flames of God's eternal love
 In Jesus, who came down from realms above:
 This warms the soul, when we, by faith, do see
 The Saviours love, unchangeable and free.
 'Tis here our souls do bud, and bear forth fruit,
 From him we sprout, as from a second root:
 And are by him preserv'd from ev'ry evil,
 And shelter'd from the raging of the devil.
 Christ is our root, he also is our head,
 And with his Flesh we're nourished and fed:
 His Flesh is meat, his Blood is drink indeed,
 By faith in him our souls on this do feed.
 And in this light (sir) I a flower be;
 If you would see this flower, look at me;
 You're welcome, sir, to look, and likewise smell;
 And when you know it, you will like it well.
 But now methinks I hear the flow'rist cry,
 No more I want your flower, no not I;

If

* Zech. ii. 5. Cant. iv. 12. John viii. 12. Pl. xcii. 12, 13, 14.

If this is it, away with such a rose,
I tell you plain, it stinketh in my nose.
No more I want your flower for to see,
Or wish to be where such vile flowers be.
Had I my will, I'd have them all destroy'd,
Not one such flower should on earth abide,

Reply.

You're welcome, fir, my flower to despise,
Because you know not where its beauty lies;
But did you all the glory of it see,
My flower then would much esteemed be.
At present, fir, there is a veil between,
Therefore the glory of it is not seen.
You look at Christians with a nat'ral eye,
Therefore no comeliness in them espy.
You see them here despis'd by all around,
A friend on earth's scarce for a Christian found:
You see their names cast out by all, as evil,
And them abhor'd as servants of the devil.
But, fir, you never see their inward peace,
You are a stranger to such fruit as this;
You do not see their comfort, or their joy,
Nor know the reason why they all deny
To follow Christ, their Saviour, and their Friend,
Whose tender mercies never have an end.
You do not see, that he's their wedding-dress,
And they are comely in his comeliness.
You do not see, they're justify'd by Blood,
And so, by faith, their souls have peace with God.
You do not know, that whensoever they die,
They go to live with Christ eternally.
O did you know the things the Christians do,
You'd surely long to be a Christian too!
O! did you know he is a righteous tree,
You'd wish that you might such a flower be;

And

And that you might in Jesu's garden grow,
 And that you might be fed, and water'd so.
 Come then to Christ, and you shall surely be
 Grafted in him, to live eternally;
 And as a pleasant flower shall you spread,
 Tho' you before was dry and withered.†
 And now the flow'rist cries, Methinks I see,
 In what you say, a hidden mystery;
 There's something I have never understood,
 Nor is the same discern'd by flesh and blood.
 To mortal virtues I have been inclin'd,
 I many ways have sought this peace to find,
 I curiously have trac'd the work of nature,
 And sought my comfort only from the creature.
 I daily was inventing something new,
 And often thinking what I ought to do.
 This was the way that *seem'd* right to me;
 I doubted not but I should happy be;
 If I was found but doing of my best,
 I doubted not but God, would do the rest.
 But I have no assurance of God's favour,
 Nor do I know my int'rest in the Saviour;
 Nor can I see how sinners, vile can know
 Their sins forgiv'n, and that they're white as snow.
 This was the reason I did them despise,
 I thought them full of blasphemies and lies;
 That man shall be a drunkard, swear and lie,
 And yet shall be as near to heav'n as I,
 Who've lived strict, and zealous too have been,
 And careful to avoid all heinous sin!
 I say, for such immediately to turn,
 And, (as I thought) the Christian can't so learn,
 To talk of knowing God, of peace, and joy,
 Of being born again; when as that I,

And

† Isa. lxi. 3. xxvii. 2, 3. 1p. 21. 1 Pet. ii. 10.

And many more grave learned men of sense,
Should strangers be, with all our diligence:
Their words I scorn'd, because I knew not how
Such things could be. Nor can I even now
Conceive, how thou canst such a flower be;
Pray now unfold the mystery to me.
Pray tell me, how a Sinner, vile and base,
Who many years has lived void of grace,
May truly unto God converted be,
Be justify'd instantaneously,
May have repentance unto life, be sure
His pardon's seal'd in heaven evermore,
That God is fully to him reconcil'd,
And Christ will own him his beloved Child.

Reply.

'Tis true, these things are hidden from the wise;
They are not seen by curious, carnal eyes. §
By moral virtues none can heaven gain,
Nor in that way can solid peace attain. ||
Who strives, by works, will never able be
To enter heaven; no, its given free.
Who seeks this way, ne'er peace of conscience hath:
The Lord declares, *the end of it is death.* †
But whoso seeks by faith, will surely find
True peace and rest to their disorder'd mind.
Alas! our best is only dung and dross;
God teaches us to count the same but loss:
Deny ourselves, and rest upon the Saviour,
And so we gain assurance of God's favour.
Each soul of man, who doth in Christ believe,
Forgiveness at his hands they do receive.
God says, Their sins, by Blood, are blotted out;
Believing this, their souls are out of doubt.
'Tis here alone the hidden myst'ry lies,
The God of love th' ungodly justifies.

I 2

Thro'

§ 1 Cor. i: 21. ii. 14. || Acts iv. 12. † Prov. 14. 12.

Thro' faith in Christ, their sins are cover'd o'er,
 And God imputes the same to them no more.
 'Tis here alone our souls quite happy are,
 When in what Christ has done we take *our share*.
 'Tis then our souls are truly born again,
 When we believe in Jesus, *for us slain*.
 So, by the record of God's truth, we know
 We stand in Christ, more white than any snow.*
 And thus we do the mystery unfold,
 When we, by sin, to endless death were sold,
 The Saviour for us freely shed his Blood,
 And so did reconcile us unto God.
 The knowing this, does give the conscience rest;
 'Tis here alone we happy are, and blest'd.
 We're not accepted for what we have done:
 We're sav'd by Grace. Our life is in God's son.
 And ev'ry one who hears the gracious call,
 Tho' at the 'leventh hour, yet he shall
 Accepted be, thro' Christ, who freely gave
 His life a ransom, sinners for to save.
 But let him now confess his sins, and he,
 From all his sins, shall justified be:
 If with his heart he turneth unto God,
 And looks for pardon thro' the Saviour's Blood,
 Repents of all the works that he has done,
 And pleads the works of God's beloved Son.
 He then, from all things bad, is justify'd:
 If God is Truth, this cannot be deny'd. §
 Whoe'er repents to life, in Christ believes,
 And in believing, life and peace receives. †
 By faith, we turn from self of ev'ry kind,
 Believe God's truth, and so the witness find,
 That we're adopted children, heirs of bliss;
 That God, in Christ, has seal'd us ever his. †

And

* Isa. xlv. 22. Rom. iv. 5. 2 Cor. v. 19. Isa. i. 18.

§ Acts xiii. 39. † John i. 12. † Eph. i. 13.

And now, kind sir, I take of you my leave,
And may the Lord you understanding give.

Amen.

Adieu, Isaac.

Contempt of the world.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in
the world. If any man love the world, the love
of the Father is not in him: 1 John ii. 15. See
vers. 16, 17.

1.

VAIN delusive world, adieu,
Farewel all thy pleasing charms;
I'm no more in love with you;
Now I rest in Jesu's arms:
Here is pleasure ever new,
Here is peace and endless joy,
Here alone is comfort true,
Here I'll live and here I'll die.

2.

Now I prove thy beauties vain,
All thy promises a cheat;
All thy pleasure perfect pain,
All thy love a pois'nous bait;
All thy wisdom vanity,
All thy righteousness a blast,
All thy truth a gilded lie,
Suited to thy children's taste.

3.

Long have I thy paths pursu'd,
Long sought happiness in thee,
Long did Satan me delude,
Long I follow'd vanity;

Long

Long I was to sin a slave,
 Long I went the road to death;
 But I now forgiveness have
 In the Son of God, thro' faith.

4.

Now I taste the joys above,
 Knowing Jesus dy'd for me;
 Now I drink of endless love,
 Now my soul is perfect free.
 Tho' I suffer much on Earth,
 Am estrang'd to this world's mirth,
 Yet I have an inward joy,
 Pleasure that can never cloy.

5.

Now my soul is fill'd with peace:
 World, there is no room for thee:
 If thy love to me shall cease,
 Mine as cold to thee shall be.
 Tho' professors me deride,
 Still the Saviour for me dy'd;
 Tho' the world should me forsake,
 Christ me in his arms will take.

6.

Jesus is a place to hide,
 While the waves and tempests roar;
 In this tower I'll abide
 'Till the heavy storms are o'er.
 Unto Jesus will I look,
 Tho' I am by men forfook;
 On his promise I'll rely,
 He will all my wants supply.

7.

Jesus's love will sure remain,
 When the world shall pass away;

Therefore

Therefore 'tis I feel no pain,
If my brethren's love decay.
Jesus still I prove a friend;
He will love me to the end;
When the love of man doth cease,
Jesu's love yields perfect peace.

*On the power of five letters. Taken from
"Moses brought to the Test, &c." Page
66.*

FIVE letters I find disturbing the mind
Of multitudes here in this day;
One word, very small, has more pow'r than all,
That the wise men, by learning, can say.
The little word FAITH but five letters hath,
Yet who doth right use of it make;
Each devil in hell with fury doth swell,
And all for this little word's sake.

3.
Each man here below, that Jesus don't know,
With envy begins for to burn;
'Gainst each one who hath a love to the faith
Of Jesus; which fain they'd o'erturn.

4.
The tempter within, and every sin
That man e'er delighted in hath,
Are, that very hour, disarm'd of their pow'r,
When Christ is received by faith.

5.
What fightings and wars, contentions and jars,
Five letters occasioned hath!

The

The wise and the great poor Christians do hate,
And all for this little word **FAITH**.

6.

There's none will afford these men a good word,
But count them the scum of the earth;
As wicked and mad, and all that is bad,
Are Jesu's disciples set forth.

7.

The rod on the back, the torture and rack,
The prison, yea death; and what not?
If man will but own salvation alone
By faith, he in Jesus has got.

8.

Should he be so poor, he's nothing in store,
Or friends for to help him in need;
He'll thwart a whole town, make emperors frown,
While he on the Saviour doth feed,

9.

When men have oppress'd and sorely distress'd,
True peace in his conscience he hath;
With water and bread he's sure to be fed,
Because he's an heir of the faith.*

10.

Resisting to blood, he knows all is good
That Jesus appointed him hath:
Let men do their worst, in God he will trust;
Brave Christian! hold fast the *true faith*.

* Isa. xxxiii. 16. Ps. lxxxiv. 11. Hab. ii. 4.

5 JY 62

*Wholesome Cordials for the Mour-
ners in Zion :*

O R T H E

Christian's Remedy proved the best ;

Being A Collection of Songs, Poems,
and Letters on religious Subjects ;
directing the Distressed where to find
Relief, and the Relieved how to re-
joice evermore.

Being Part I. of the *Merry - Heart's
Companion.*

*Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry?
let him sing Psalms, or Songs of Praise to God, Jam.
v. 13. Eph. v. 19.*

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by M. Lewis, in *Pater-noster-Row* ;
Also sold by T. Smith, in *Ship-Alley, Wellclose-Square* ;
J. Taylor, in *King-Street, Deptford* ; T. Luckman, at
Coventry ; J. Aris, at *Birmingham* ; J. Eddowes, at
Salop ; J. Rowley, at *West-Chester* ; J. Gregory and
J. Ireland, at *Leicester* ; and J. Heath, at *Nottingham*.

W holeſome Cordials for the Mour-
ners in Zion :

O R T H E

Chriſtian's Remedy proved the beſt ;

Being A Collection of Songs, Poems,
and Letters on religious Subjects ;
directing the Diſtreſſed where to find
Relief, and the Relieved how to re-
joice evermore.

Being Part I. Merry - Heart's



Is any among you afflicted? Is any merry?
let him sing Pſalms, or Songs of Praiſe to God, Jam.
v. 13. Eph. v. 19.

L O N D O N :

Printed and ſold by M. Leake, in Patern-ſter-Row ;
Alſo ſold by T. Smith, in Ship-ſtreet, White-church ;
T. Taylor, in King-ſtreet, Deſford ; T. Luckman, at
Coventry ; T. Hall, at Birmingham ; J. Edwards, at
Salisbury ; J. Rowland, at North-Croſs ; J. Gregory and
J. Ireland, at Leighton ; and J. Hearn, at Nottingham.

*Wholesome Cordials for the Mour-
ners in Zion :*

O R T H E

Christian's Remedy
proved the best ;

Being A Collection of Songs, Poems,
and Letters on religious Subjects ;
directing the Distressed where to find
Relief, and the Relieved how to re-
joice evermore.

Being Part II. of the *Merry - Heart's*
Companion.

*Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry?
let him sing Psalms, or Songs of Praise to God, Jam.
v. 13. Eph. v. 19.*

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by *M. Lewis*, in *Pater-noster-Row* ;
Also sold by *T. Smith*, in *Ship-Alley, Wellclose-Square* ;
J. Taylor, in *King-Street, Deptford* ; *T. Luckman*, at
Coventry ; *J. Aris*, at *Birmingham* ; *J. Eddowes*, at
Salop ; *J. Rowley*, at *West-Chester* ; *J. Gregory* and
J. Ireland, at *Leicester* ; and *J. Heath*, at *Nottingham*.

W. Johnson's Condiments for the Mour-
ners in Mourning:

O. R. T. H. E.

Christian's Kennedy proved the best;

Being A Collection of Songs, Poems,
and Letters on religious Subjects;
directing the Distressed where to find
Relief, and the Relieved how to re-
joice evermore.



Being Part II. of the Mourner's - Kennedy's

It was among you, brethren, in this place, that I was born.
In the face of Heaven, on songs of praise to God, I am
v. 12. Eph. v. 19.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by M. Lacey, in Pall-mall; and
Also sold by T. Smith, in Ship-street, White-chapel; T. Lacey, at
T. Taylor, in King-street, Docket; T. Lacey, at
Coventry; T. Lacey, at Birmingham; T. Lacey, at
Lancaster; T. Lacey, at W. L. Lacey; T. Lacey, and
T. Lacey, at Leicester; and T. Lacey, at Nottingham.

To all those who desire to live in Love,
and die in Peace, greeting.

Friends and Brethren,

THERE has lately appeared in the world, a work, which, however it may strike at the vices of each party, nevertheless is free from party zeal; and therefore it was hoped the same would become a public good; and what though the preface sufficiently shows the design of it, yet I perceive, the title seems to be misunderstood by all: For while some please themselves with hopes of a collection of vain songs, they find something of a more serious nature, which the carnal mind can't relish. And while others read the title, not giving themselves time to consider who the **BEST OF LOVERS** is, they either pass it over as a thing not worth their notice, or else cry out, *hie on't, hie on't, 'tis nought, 'tis vain.* Neither are these all the objections that are raised against it, no; for while some who are straitned in their own minds, are beholding passages which invite and encourage souls to come to Jesus Christ for help and succour, or see the Author make use of such an old fashioned sentence as this; "save yourselves from this untoward generation." They cry out, *O! the man's a free-willer!* And then, "can there any good thing come out of Nazareth," is the next cry? And on the other hand, while the wholesome doctrines of grace are purely and freely held forth, those on the contrary party, with the like dreadful cry, raise their voices, saying, *O! The Author's a Calvinist!* And Calvinism is the ready road to Antinomianism, therefore beware of him! And thus the poor stranger is kicked out of

doors by all parties, and no one knows who he belongs to! But if some who regard an Author more than the merits of his performance, should chance to take this into their hands, and before they dare read the same, are crying, who, or what is the Author? He answers, I am a sinner saved by grace; and one that "worships God in the Spirit, and rejoices in Christ Jesus, and hath no confidence in the flesh." Do you know him by that name? It is very likely you do not, well then, please to hear what he has got to say of his Master, and as to him, you are quite welcome to call him by what name you like best, but please to remember, the worse the name is the better he will like it, because it is written, "Who unto you whom all men shall speak well of you." But,

Pray do not the MATTER despise,

Because that the instrument's weak,
Nor you may remember,

To open the mad Prophet's eyes,

God made the dumb Ass for to speak!

I have often observed in the circle of my acquaintance, that nothing is more common, when people are troubled in their minds, than to see them run to an ale-house, or strive to chase the same away with carnal mirth, but, "Is it not because there is no God in Israel (that they are acquainted with) to enquire of his word?" Alas, this is only like Job's scraping himself with a broken pot, it removes no causes, but only stupifies the soul, and sears the conscience, or otherwise, plunges it into deep despair: * And to prevent this, I have endeavour'd to persuade them to pluck the fruit, and make use of the leaves that grows upon the tree of life, which is an insatiable

* This was the real case with the man at S—y, who kill'd himself, tho' Mr. Green, in his Dissertation on Enthusiasm, falsely ascribes it to another cause.

lible remedy, when applied, to cure all diseases, but if I can't tempt them to make use of it, I can't help it; I hope they will not be angry at me, for my good will. As the Author of this, wears the badge of those of old, of whom it was said, "concerning this sect, we know that every where it is spoken against." I find there are yet some few Nicodemuses, who are saying, "Doth our law judge any man before it heareth him, and knows what he doth?" And what thought to them it should be said, as of old, "Search and look, for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." Yet, these know the truth when they see it, though ever so bespatter'd with dirt.

These love it, because it is truth, however mean and contemptible it may appear in others eyes; These embrace it for its own sake, although in so doing they bring the most violent persecution on their heads. These manifest their regard for it, by standing, or falling with it, not counting even their lives dear unto themselves, that they may finish their course with joy; and these are they who will reap the most benefit from my merry heart's companion. And whereas the title gives offence to some serious people, (though intended as a bait for those not so) I will now make an Anabaptist of it, and give it one more agreeable to the work, in which I hope I shall be excused, seeing I am willing to become all things to all men, "that I might by all means save some."

As many of my correspondents lie at a great distance, I would now inform my readers, that I have thought fit to conclude the whole in eight numbers, and divide the same into two parts, and hope those who are so far off will excuse me, if I send them four numbers together at the end of four months, while those who are near, may continue to take it every month as before.

And

And now go thy way, my merry heart's companion, where thou art received, I know thou wilt "revive the spirit of the humble—and the heart of the contrite ones," and where thou art not received, come back, and thou shalt be my merry heart's companion still.

But to make use of the words of a late Author, "yet I will venture to say, it contains food for thy soul, and joy for thy mind; unless thou hast too great an acquaintance with the secretary of Hell, if you ask who I mean? I answer; some call him old prejudice, but I call him the devil's battering-ram, to batter down the joy of the Gospel, and the comfort of the saints.—Therefore if it proves no pleasure, nor joy to the mind, it is owing to your too great intimacy with the devil's old companion: For prejudice always picks quarrels, and spreads false reports on things spiritual, and would quarrel with saints and angels, yea, with God and glory, was he to be admitted into heaven."

Vale.

5 JY 62

Wholesome

3

Wholesome cordials for the mourners in Zion:

BEING A

COLLECTION, &c.

A letter to young Isaac.

Sir,
THE name you take to yourself, I think, well becomes you, and puts me in mind of an old proverb, "Young men think old men are fools, but old men know that young men are fools." But I would let you know, that we live in an age that is not to be imposed upon by a company of young giddy-brain'd raw novices. Pray what is become of our forefathers? are they all gone to hell? What! has nobody ever found out the truth till you started up? Forbear, vain young man, forbear your vain boasting; and think not to fright the world with shadows, or allure them with fancies. Are not all the venerable fathers against you, with a vast number of able and learned divines now lawfully settled in the church? O! blush, blush, young man, at the very thought of turning aside from the good old way. Doth not our Saviour say,
"No

“No man also, having drank old wine, freight-
 “way desireth new: for he saith, The old is bet-
 “ter.” I well know how strong the power of
 self-conceit is, so have but little hopes of unproping
 you: but as you have given me authority to write
 to you, in the preface to your “merry hearts com-
 panion,” as you call it, I demand an answer to
 this, if you are able, whether you think me worthy
 of it or not, who am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

A lover of peace and truth.

Young Isaac's answer to the same.

Sir,

I Received yours, and assure you, that you are
 quite welcome to make your remarks upon my
 performance, which was never intended to offend,
 nor, I hope, never will justly offend any sect or
 party whatever. My design was to divert, amuse,
 and instruct, in the way of righteousness; and, if
 I miss this point, pray tell me wherein, for you
 know that general charges are no charges at all.
 But pray be careful when you write again, lest you
 act the part of the man, who in a friendly manner
 went to kill the fly on his neighbour's forehead with
 a hatchet, and so beat his neighbour's brains out.
 As you are so kind to put me in mind of an old
 proverb, (because one good turn deserves another)
 I will put you in mind of one that is older still:
 “Great men are not always wise, neither do the
 “aged understand judgment.” You ask, What is
 become of our fore-fathers? I answer, those of them
 that died in the true faith, are gone to heaven, let
 them

them be known to men by whatsoever persuasion or denomination they will. And if not in the true faith, thus saith the Lord, "But the FEARFUL, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. For the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" That the power of self-conceit is great, you give us pregnant proof; in conceiting that we are broaching some new doctrine never known before; because our writings so fully prove, that we are only reviving the good old Protestant doctrine. That you have a great number of human creatures on your side, we allow; but in this you have no just ground to glory, because "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Eliphaz could thus vaunt himself against poor Job and cry, "Hast thou heard the secret of God, and dost thou restrain wisdom to thyself? What knowest thou, that we know not? what understandest thou, which is not in us? *With us are both the grey-headed and very aged men, much older than thy father!* Are the consolations of God small with thee? Is there any secret thing with thee? Why doth thine heart carry thee away? and what doth thine eyes wink at?" &c. But in all this his folly is made manifest, and poor Job is justified.† And as to

Rev. xxi. 8. 2 Thes. i. 7, 8. † Job xxxii. 9. 15. —12. xlii. 7. See also *Moses* brought to the test, Page 41, &c.

that saying of our Saviour, it is no hard matter to find out what he there means by old wine being better than the new, since himself says, "My blood is drink indeed, and unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. And he that believeth in me, shall never thirst." This is the good old wine all the patriarchs drank of, even the love of God, manifested through the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus, and is better than the new found-out wine of man's performances, which he draws out of his own broken free-will cistern: And what though I can't be persuaded to drink of this, because I know "there is death in the pot." Yet I trust I shall always have an ear open to a *Thus saith the Lord*, and shall be ready to receive instructions from any who are indeed my humble servants for Jesu's sake. But does not your language prove you to be one that is for proudly lording it over God's heritage, rather than being an humble servant to your weak brethren, and a lover of peace and truth? Our Saviour tells us, that where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. And Peter says, "Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious." Blessed be God I prize him so, and therefore, "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." You know nothing is more natural than to speak much of what we ourselves are extremely fond of: and so precious is my Saviour to me, in all circumstances of life, that I am compell'd to say,

"If that the world but Jesus knew,

"I'm sure the world would love him too."

But

But then, says reason, if the thing is so,
 Why is it more don't seek his love to know?
 If Jesus is so precious, tell me why
 The world don't seek this Saviour to enjoy?
 Enthusiasm in you bears the sway,
 And vain fanatic's take your sence away.
 For sure it can be but an idle dream,
 That Christ so lovely unto you should seem:
 And yet our learned men of wit and parts,
 Should give the same no place within their hearts!
 But faith replies, I speak but what I know,
 I'm not deceiv'd, my God has told me so.
 And why so many do this truth despise,
 It is because the devil blinds their eyes.†
 If I am cheated, pray who must I blame,
 When in the book of God I read the same?
 Must I say God's a liar, or will you
 Pretend to say the Bible is not true?
 Or must I say the men of wit can tell,
 A better way to escape the pains of hell;
 Or that their learning has unto them given,
 Wisdom to find a better way to heaven?
 Pray tell me then, what is the cause I see,
 The learned world so wicked for to be?
 I see the learned preachers fill'd with pride,
 While ign'rant hearers ign'rant still abide.
 Nor do I see the learned preacher care
 For ought, besides his benefits to share.
 Ask but the learned world the way to glory,
 They'll straight repeat an o'er-worn thread-bear

[story;]

Just like the dove that singeth in the wood,
 Do, do, do, do, and so be very good:

B 2

But

But eye her nest, and that will you surprise,
 She makes the worst of any bird that flies.
 So, if you eye the doings of these men,
 And use your reason right, most surely then
 You'll say, if these good men had truly known,
 The way to save poor souls, they'd save their own:
 But ask them if they certain rules can give,
 They'll say, it can't be known while here we live.
 What learned fools are these, who daily study
 To find the way, and yet remain so muddy
 That they can nothing teach me! Surely then
 I can't be blam'd if I return again
 Unto my Bible; and do there remark
 What written is, while they grope in the dark:
 And there I find it written, God is love;
 And he to save me, came from realms above;
 And though my crimes were surely very great,
 He pitied my forlorn and wretched state:
 He living, kept the Law of God, for me,
 And dying, gain'd my pardon on the tree.
 Upon him all my faults were surely laid,
 He took the debt, and down the ransom paid.
 So that my God don't one impute to me,
 And therefore 'tis I now from sin am free;
 And am a servant unto righteousness,
 Made so in Christ, who doth vile sinners bless.
 And since my God is to me reconcil'd,
 And I, through faith, am his adopted child.
 Who is it ought unto my charge shall lay,
 Since all my sins are wholly wash'd away:
 Since this is true that Jesus paid my score,
 And says my sins he'll ne'er remember more;
 May I not then be happy, and proclaim
 I'm just, and sanctify'd in Jesu's name?
 And as my faith is grounded on the word,
 If I'm deceiv'd, it must be by the Lord!

But

But God can never any soul deceive,
Therefore I will in Jesus Christ believe.
And while philosophers by reason try,
To find out God, but still in darkness lie,
And legalists by frames and feelings grope,
To find the way, yet still are void of hope,
And fret, and fume, and rave like men half mad,
At those who leave the old blind mill-horse pad.
I'll trust alone in Christ and happy be,
His word believe, he answer shall for me.

Vale. Isaac.

*A letter to a person who lately had their
house and substance consumed by fire.*

Dear Friend,

GLAD I was to see you bear with so much
patience the great afflictions that were upon
you, when I was over in W—S. Indeed, well it
is said, “Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which
“is not? For riches certainly make themselves
“wings, they fly away as an eagle towards hea-
“ven.” Therefore it is a vain thing to set our
hearts upon them. Happy, yea truly happy are they,
who have laid up for themselves treasures in heaven,
where moth and rust corrupts not, neither can
thieves break through and steal, or fire consume.
And it is the knowledge of those better riches, that
makes us set so little store by these perishing things
here below, eyeing that treasure that endures for
ever. It is but a little while and we are gone,
and see this world and it's vain glory no more.

We leave the world, and all its fading toys,
We're glad when we are free from all it's noise.
Then

Then why, my brother, should we be perplext?
 Plague's in this wold, but pleasure's in the next.
 What though we here experience grief and trouble,
 Let's patient wait, God will reward us double;
 It's but a while, and we shall up ascend
 To dwell with God, where pleasures never end.
 What though thy house on earth, is now destroy'd,
 Thy God in heaven does a house provide.
 No fire can consume this house above,
 O blessed house, it is a house of love!
 I am a traveling this house to see,
 Methinks I hear thee say, I'll go with thee,
 Come then, my friend, and as we walk along,
 We'll talk of Jesu's love, and sing a song;
 What have you now of Jesus Christ to say?
 He loved me, and took my sins away.
 And do you think that he hath loved me?
 I'm sure he has, for he's a Saviour free.
 What if you should by sinning turn aside?
 My husband will be careful of his bride.
 But if you should by unbelief depart?
 I cannot leave one that's so near my heart.
 Then 'tis his love your soul from sin does keep?
 The shepherd will be careful of his sheep.
 Then can't it be that you can fall away?
 He loves me dear, and would not have me stray.
 Can he be love, yet send a soul to hell?
 It is his will that all should with him dwell.
 Why don't he then force all the narrow way?
 He calls, but all do not the call the obey.
 Why is it all do not the Saviour mind?
 Because the god of this world does them blind.*

But

* He that believeth not that God hath given to him eternal life in Christ, in order to be received by faith; the same gives the Almighty the lie. 1 John v. 10, 11.

But cannot Jesus open all their eyes?
 He in the gospel bids them win the prize,
 And why does any then the prize refuse?
 Because they will not hearken to the news,
 But does the Saviour power give to all?
 He in the gospel bids his Servants call,
 But does he nothing more for sinners do?
 He in the gospel does beseech, and woo,
 But don't he make them willing by his pow'r?
 He in the gospel calleth every hour.
 And will he then no other power give?
 He will condemn each soul that don't believe.
 But how can he love those he does condemn?
 He offers mercy freely unto them.
 Then 'tis because they don't unto him yield?
 Yes, for the fatted calf for them was kill'd.
 But they their forms, and merchandize did mind?
 Yes, Jesus in their hearts no room could find.
 They would not have him over them to reign?
 No, they despised Jesus *for them slain*.
 Pray why does he his own elect chastise?
 Their chastisement for sin, on Jesus lies.*
 Then now he chastens them their faith to prove?
 Yes, he correcteth all whom he does love.
 Why does he more afflict them than the rest?
 He's very wise, and lets them have what's best,
 Then should we think he orders all things well?
 Yes, and be thankful we are out of hell.
 Perhaps it is to bring us in the way?
 Before afflicted David went astray,
 Or else perhaps, to bring us near our head?
 So he us'd Jonah when he from him fled.

Or

§ 2 Pet. ii. 1. 1 John ii. 2. * Pf. lxxxix. 30.—35.
 Isa. liiii. 5, 6, 7.

Or otherwise, to prove our faith with fire?
 So he try'd Job when Satan did desire.
 Or that we learn on God's bare word to trust?
 So Abraham did, and found Jehovah just.
 Then all things work together for our good?
 Yes, if we love that God, who shed his blood.
 Then by his blood it is the prize you win?
 Yes, Jesu's blood doth cleanse us from all sin.

Adieu.

Yours in the best bonds.

Isaac.

An Enigma.

IN former times there lived one,
 As scripture doth record;
 Whose life, and death was without sin,
 Or offence to the Lord;
 Who liv'd a solitary life,
 While here upon the earth;
 Was not inclin'd to any sport,
 Or given unto mirth;
 But spake as God him mov'd,
 His words were free from sin;
 Yet did his spirit never come,
 God's kingdom yet within,
 Nor never shall enjoy,
 That place of glorious rest,
 The great Creator promis'd has
 To those whom he has blest'd.

*The perfect and happy man. A second letter to
father Curious.*

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:
for the end (or reward) of that man is peace.
Psal. xxxvii. 37. compare with Hab. ii. 4.
Col. i. 21, 22, 23, 28.

Sir,

I Received yours, with your thanks for my last,
in which you observe how rare a thing it is
to find a christian indeed, and a family that truly
fears the Lord. And whereas you desire to know
if I can tell you where to find a truly perfect and
happy man, please to take the following account
of him. He was born in the street of regeneration,
in the parish of repentance unto life, in the city of
Zion.* He lives at the fountain opened for sin and
for uncleanness, in the which he daily washes, and
is clean. He was educated in the school of Christ,
and there taught obedience to his gospel, and sub-
mission to his righteousness; and how to tread the
paths of perseverance. And what though he has a
large estate in the county of christian content-
ment, yet he holds the plough of diligence, and
works at the trade of self-denial: He wears the
plain garment of humility, but he has a rich suit to
appear in at court, called "The garment of salva-
tion, and robe of Christ's righteousness." He
takes pleasure in walking in the vale of self-abase-
ment, and in the midst thereof he climbs the hill of
heavenly-mindedness. He breakfasts every morn-
ing on spiritual devotion, and sups at night on the

* See Moses brought to the test, page 6.

same. He has meat to eat that the world knows nothing of; for is bread is manna sent down from heaven, and his meat is the sincere milk of the word enriched with the fatted calf, and slaughtered Lamb. His drink is wine well refined on the lees, mingled with milk by the master of the feast, which he sells to him freely, without money and without price.* His drink is conveyed to him, through the golden pipe of God's everlasting love, into the golden bowl of the gospel; out of which he drinks abundantly, and therefore never thirsts.† He has child-like submission in his will, having learned that short lesson, "Thy will be done." Due order in his affections; having set them on things above. Sound peace in his conscience; being justified by faith. The constraining love of Christ in his heart; which perfect love casteth out all slavish fear. Scriptural knowledge in his understanding; which always leads him to the sinner's Saviour. True humility in his soul, "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." He has Christ's cross on his shoulders; being willing to suffer for the truth. The Redeemers yoke on his neck; so that he daily strives together with them that know the truth, for the faith and support of the Gospel. A vain world under his feet, counting all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord." A crown of glory in his eye: A title to the same in the word of promise made to sinners; and in pursuit of this crown, he believes firmly, that the same belongs to him for Christ's sake. He prays fervently that his soul may have clearer views

* 1 Pet. ii. 2. Isa. xxv. 6. lv 1, 2. Prov. ix. † Zec. iv. 2, 3, 12.

views of the same, &c. Hopes humbly for the fulfilment of those things promised, which as yet he sees not; and therefore waits patiently till faith shall be swallowed up in light. He works abundantly, "Forasmuch as he knoweth that his labour is not in vain in the Lord." He lives godly, that his Father may be glorified; and dies daily, to all created comforts. He watches the motions of his heart, lest other objects besides Christ should take place therein; guards his senses under the same consideration. Redeems his time by doubling his diligence to find out, and profit by the truth. He loves the Saviour, who first loved him: And having tasted that the Lord is gracious, he longs for heaven, because, "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest." He looks not for that in the creature, which can only be found in the Creator, 'satisfying happiness;' nor for that in himself, which can only be found in Christ, 'justifying righteousness;' nor for that on earth, which can only be found in heaven, 'perfect holiness.'

WITH wonder I stand, and turn me around
To search for the man, but where is he
[found,
That's perfect in all things, that standeth when try'd,
And from the pure law of his God ne'er does slide?
In Eden I look, and fancy him there,
But I am mistook, for quickly I hear
Poor Adam complaining,—"I'm naked!" but why?
Sure none that are perfect from justice will fly!
Then let us behold, his will was quite free
To worship his God, no bias had he
To swerve from Jehovah; no free-will to sin,
No power to break the pure law he was in.

Then how can he fall? why objects quite new
 Before him are set, and while he does view
 Those objects; forgetting the state he was in,
 Lust having conceived it bringeth forth sin.
 And if from the stock perfection is fled,
 The members must be the same with the head:
 The fountain's corrupted, then every stream
 That from it proceedeth must sure be the same.
 Then mark and behold, his will's no more free
 To worship his God; no bias has he
 To serve his Creator; no free-will to love,
 No power to keep the pure law from above.
 Then how shall he rise? why objects quite new
 before him are set, and while he does view
 Immanuel's glory reveal'd in the word,
 He's chang'd in the image of Jesus, the Lord.
 And if he is chang'd, he alters his name,
 If Jesus is pure, he must be the same.
 If into his image we're chang'd, it must be,
 As he is in heaven, on earth so are we!*

Then here is the man, I mark him, and see
 In Jesus he stands, and there he is free
 From every evil: So peace is his end,
 Because he's assur'd the Lord is his friend.

Adieu, Isaac.

The beatific vision.

Men.

I **T**HOU dearest Redeemer, thou life of my
 [joys,
 My heart's sincere language in praises shall rise.

Women.

I clearly behold the smiles of thy face,
 Thy union, which opens the fountain of grace.

Men.

* See 2 Cor. iii. 18. 1 John iv. 17. Song iv 7.

Men.

I'll tell the world of thee, of thy shedding blood,

Women.

That all our transgressions were drown'd in that flood!

Both.

I'll tell the world of thee, of thy shedding blood,

That all our transgressions were drown'd in that flood!

2 'Tis Jesus, Jehovah, the wounded I AM,
Who dy'd on Golgotha, the tormented Lamb.

His kindness I see through each weeping wound,

His body all bleeding to make joys abound.

He dy'd but lives ever, and reigns over all,

He is my dear Saviour, his name I'll extol.

He dy'd but lives ever, &c.

3 He is a true lover, whose grace never ends,

To rebels the vilest his mercy extends.

By faith I behold the cause of his smart,

My sins have him wounded, his stripes heal my heart.

He is my dear portion, what can I want more?

Free from condemnation I bow and adore.

He is my dear portion, &c.

4 Who can but admire so faithful a friend?

Unchangeable lover, who loves to the end!

With my dearest Lamb I shall be e'er long,

Upon the clouds yonder, amidst the lov'd throng.

There wond'ring, and gazing on my Love so sweet.

And also embracing his pierc'd hands and feet.

There wond'ring, &c.

5 O happy the day, and thrice happy the soul,
 Who born of the spirit, this bliss can descry:
 Each wound in their conscience it sure will make
 [whole,
 And fit them at all times, to live or to die.
 Then come, my dear brethren, while here we re-
 [main,
 Let's sing of his love, who for sinners was slain.
 Then come, my dear brethren, &c.

A letter to a gentlewoman in great distress.

Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that
 obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh
 in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust
 in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God,
 Isa. l. 10.

Dear friend,

I Trust that in the midst of all your tribulations,
 you still remember the love the lord Jesus bears
 to you, for he is the same yesterday, to day, and for-
 ever. He says, "I am the Lord, I change not."

Therefore you may be confident,
 That he, your only friend,
 Who lov'd you once, when in your blood,
 Will love you to the end.

If you only consider, that "while we were ene-
 mies, we were reconcil'd to God by the death of
 his Son." That he has long borne with you, while
 you was in ignorance and unbelief, and at last
 brought you by his good Providence to hear the
 blessed sound of the Gospel. Yea, and also opened
 your

your ears to hear, and your eyes to see the glorious things therein contained: this will convince you of the great love he bears to you. Nay, we are told, "Our God is love;" and as he cannot act contrary to his nature, it must therefore be, that nothing can happen unto you, as from him, but the same is designed in his divine Providence to work for your good, however to an eye of sense and reason they may now seem to the contrary. Therefore whatever happens to you in this present world, remember still, your heavenly Father loves you; and as an effect of his love will cause all things to work for your good. Instead of the present troubles you meet with, we will suppose that you was beloved by an earthly king, yet his love might not endure for one year to an end; but seeing some one more beautiful in his eyes than you, he might reject you, his former lover, and you, like Jane Shore, might be left desolate, while your cry would be,

Ah! who is me? my love has me refus'd,
And I with harsh and cruel words am us'd.
My glory's ceas'd, my pleasure's at an end,
I'm destitute of house, of home, or friend.

But are you beloved by the King of heaven;
then, what tho' on other Accounts you may be
sorrowful, in this matter you may always rejoice
and say,

O! blessed me, my Saviour is my friend,
His love to me will never have an end;
None can he see more fair or bright than me,
For I am perfect in his purity!

No

No more I will regard the love of men,
But love him who will sure love me again.

But suppose the love of the king should endure?
yet 'tis but a little while and death would call you
from his kingdom, and then your glory must cease;
so that if you had no better riches than these, your
language would be,

O pomp! O grandeur! you I bid farewell,
You cannot save my wretched soul from hell.

But have you an interest in the love of God as
it is manifested in a dying and risen Redeemer? Do
you assuredly know that he has loved you, and
given himself for you? Then what tho' "if need
be, you are in heaviness thro' manifold tempta-
tions" as touching the things of this life, yet, on
the account of that inheritance that is reserved in
heaven for you, you may greatly rejoice, and say,

What has my God to me most surely shewn?
He's chose a wretched sinner for his own!
To me he peace and joy, while here, does give,
And says, that I shall ever with him live!
What glory is there that can equal this,
To know I'm Christ's, and he my portion is!

Or, suppose you had gold at your will, and ser-
vants at your command, a coach to ride in, and
costly apparel, while all men cry'd before you, Bow
the knee! Yet all this you must leave, and if you
had no better treasure, the cry of your soul would
be,

My gold it will not heaven buy,
Nor can my servants ope' the gate,

My

My coach and horses cannot fly;

And tho' I now appear so great,

My costly garments I must leave,

And homage to me cannot save.

But is Jesus Christ yours, then remember,

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered
him up for us all, how shall he not with him also
freely give us all things? Therefore you may
raise your voice in songs of praise, and say,

The Lord is mine, I'm rich in him

Who did my precious soul redeem,

He counsels me try'd gold to buy,

And says he will my wants supply;

Arabia's gold? that all is his,

And I, in Him, am heir of this!

I, in the chariot of his Love

Am carried to the joys above;

The angels servants stare to me,

And joy to do their ministry;

My garments are both rich and fine,

The righteousness of Christ is mine;

And with the Saviour I shall reign,

More honour this than bows of men.

Well, wait upon the Lord, and let this matter
daily comfort you, consider,

You have a husband now above

That does his bride so dearly love,

No harlot e'er can turn away

His heart, or cause him for to stray;

No, he will ever her adore;

Then look to him and weep no more.

Let other things go how they will,

Remember Jesus loves you still.

D

And

And "now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy," I commit you; if you cry unto him for help, and make use of his strength, you will find him a very present help in time of trouble: which that you may, is the hearty prayer of your friend in Christ.

Isaac.

A letter to a friend concerning offerings.

Dear friend,

IN answer to your question, "Should not our voice, as well as the gesture of our body, be ordered in a different manner when we talk of the things of God, to what it is when we talk about the things of this world?" I make the following reply: The Lord hath said, "If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if ye offer the lame, and sick, is it not evil?" If you ask again, Is it the duty of us christians to offer sacrifice? I answer again, The Lord hath said, "Jesus, that he might sanctify the people *with his own blood*, suffered without the gate. By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of *praise* to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, *giving thanks to his Name*." In whom every believer is *washed and sanctified*, by faith that is in me," saith the Saviour.* But instead of offering praise to our God for mercies received, do we not still keep offering the blind and the lame for sacrifice? Yea, what is more common than for people to offer their blind and lame duties for a trespass offering in order to find acceptance with

*Mal. i. 8. Heb. xiii. 12, 15. 1 Cor. vi. 11. Acts. xxvi. 18.

with God! Blind they are, therefore no man, by them, ever comes to a sure, and certain hope. And lame they are, because the obedience of no meer man ever comes up to the Divine standard, the law and the testimony. And when I see people in the performance of them put on a canting whine, and begin to sigh and groan, must I not conclude their offering's lame, since all these are the sure symptoms of sickness? But of Zion it is said, "The inhabitants shall not say, I am sick: The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." If to this it is objected, "But the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." I answer, If they cannot be uttered; then they cannot be heard; therefore those groanings which are heard by man, and perhaps forced out on purpose to be heard by man, these, I say, cannot possibly be the groanings of the Spirit which cannot be uttered. And tho' I am far from thinking that we should talk of the things of God in a ludicrous manner, for surely our behaviour should be grave, according to that saying, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." And again, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers: But fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once named amongst you, as becometh saints: Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient; but rather giving of thanks." All this teaches to aim at edification, in all things, one towards another. Nevertheless, I see no reason why we, like those hypocrites of old, should dis-

D²

figure

Col. iv. 6. Eph. iv. 29. v. 3. 4.

figure out faces, or voices. I must confess, I cannot see why we may not speak of the things of God, in the same pleasant agreeable manner, that we do of the things of this world, and yet pay a reverential regard to sacred things nevertheless. For surely none but the blind and the lame, can imagine that God will more regard them because they deliver their words in a whining tone. And does it not carry in it the face of the hypocrite, according to Matt. vi. when you see a person take up the news and read a passage, just in that agreeable manner we converse together, and immediately turn from that to the Bible, or some religious book, and then begin to

Hum and haw, pull and draw,
With faces awry, and eyes hardly thought dry,
So full of sorrow, which all they borrow,
And proves the same, their offering's lame?

So in our songs of praise, how heavy and dull must our tunes be, if we offer them to God? as tho' melancholy was the most effectual means to charm his ear! Altho' he hath said, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance, *and*, Is any merry, let him sing psalms?" But when the sons of vanity are singing to some created being, then every elevating strain and moving turn shall be made use of; but of this I have spoke largely in the preface. — I observe, if our children are lively and strong, they shall be daily nurs'd up in pride and vanity, and indulged in all the gaities of life, lest they should become mopes, or fools. But if they are weak and sickly, then they shall be dedicated to the Lord! for what is more common than to hear such adressed after this manner? God help thee,

thee, thou art never likely to have any pleasure in this world, therefore it will be well for thee to seek to be happy in the next.

And thus, those who are not able to serve the devil, are brought to the Lord for an heave-offering. So when people are grown into years, and have spent all their strength in the service of sin, you may frequently hear people give them this advice, It is time for you now to begin to think of your latter end, for you cannot continue here long, of course; and thus the decrepited are at the last brought to the Lord for an offering! while the young and lusty ones cry out, It is time enough for us to think about these things; (when we have served the world and Satan as long as we are able); they should add, because their confession manifestly declares this to be the horrid language of their hearts. But it would be well for such to consider such awful sayings as these, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know, thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." But let no one abuse the mercy of God, for what tho' "because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily; therefore the heart of the sons of men, is fully set in them to do evil." Nevertheless, "he that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."*

Adieu, Isaac.

* Eccles. xi. 9. viii. 11. 13. Prov. xxix. i.

Some remarks upon the christian's glory, as it is now metamorphized into the reprobates four commandments.

TO Israel of old God gave six hundred commandments, the substance of which, as touching moral obedience, are comprised in those ten engraved on stones on the mount. These remained in the church until Popery shewed it's head, when they were reduced unto nine, by leaving out the second, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, &c." Thus they continued until the days of arch bishop Laud, when they were again abridged, and the fourth, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy, &c." was laid aside; since then, they have been again revived, and the whole ten universally established as a rule of life among all parties, who seem to allow them right, with them well, and there leave them. While four memorable seasons are now turned into commandments, and are the only ones to which universal obedience is paid. And if it be asked, which be they? it may be answered, the same which Antichrist spake in the first chapter of Superstition: That is to say,

Christmas-day, and Easter-sunday,
Our town wakes, and Whitsun-munday.

On Chriſtmas.

He that regardeth a day (as he ought), regardeth it unto the Lord. Not in rioting and drunkenneſs, not in chambering and wantonneſs, not in ſtrife and envying. Rom. xiv. 6. xiii. 13.—Neither be ye idolaters, *as [were ſome of them]*; as it is written, the people ſat down to eat and to drink, *and roſe up to play.* 1 Cor. x.—Query. Are not we idolaters then, who do the ſame things?

COME ye brethren, who ſinging and feaſting
[approve,
Let's ſing of the Saviour, and feaſt of his love;
The heavenly Stranger, whom angels adore,
Once laid in a manger, let's fall down before,
With joy and thankſgiving, and heavenly mirth,
While here we are living, let's tell of his birth;
While gluttons, and drunkards his creatures abuſe,
Let's feed on the Goſpel, and publiſh good news:
Diſdaining the practice of thoſe who pretend,
To honour the Saviour, and call him their friend,
As though he had granted a licence for evil,
And given them Chriſtmas to worſhip the devil.
His birth is ſo precious to thoſe which believe,
Like Lot, once in Sodom, their righteous ſouls grieve
To ſee ſouls pretending to honour a day
In eating and drinking! then riſe up to play.
For this their idolatry Iſrael was ſlain,
And for our examples theſe facts do remain:
Then let us not follow the ſteps of the beaſt,
In joining ſuch rebels their bellies to feaſt.
The day of his birth quite uncertain muſt be,
Because that the learned they cannot agree.

But

But those who in Jesus find joy and delight,
Keep Christmas the year round, so needs must be

[right.

They always remember the Saviour's birth,
To save us poor mortals he came here on earth;
From hell he's redeem'd us; thro' faith we're releas'd;
Therefore the believer has always a feast.

MY Jesus is risen, what wonders I see!
The grave cannot hold him, he's risen for

[me.

The guard can't confine him; the stone of the seal:

My Jesus is risen, God's love to reveal.

My sins were charg'd on him; the victim he stood,

The sword of dire justice was seal'd in his blood.

The powers of darkness against him agreed;

Yet Jesus is risen! what wonders I see!

Of him David speaketh, I saw him too well,

Among the dead bodies, descending to Hell;

There bearing my punishment, yet shall not he

Remain under death's hands, corruption to see.

By dying he's sweeten'd death, and the grave;

By rising again, now assurance I have,

Sin, death, and the devil are conquer'd and fled;

So death to me now is a soft downy bed.

O! what shall I render to Jesus, for all

His benefits to me? Upon him I'll call

The cup of salvation I'll take, and will pay

My vows unto him; her king praise I always.

For this I am counted religiously mad,

Precise, superstitious, and all that is bad;

The song of the drunkard likewise I must beg,

The rabble will level their arrows at me.

But

But let them shoot on, they will shoot to their loss,
 I am not ashamed of my Saviour's cross;
 Such crucify Jesus unto them afresh,
 Whose joy and delight's in the lusts of the flesh.
 Should Heathens, or Infidels come to survey
 Our manner of worship, O! what would they say?
 They see us to church go, the Eucharist take,
 And then return home, and a sumptuous feast make;
 And then for to shew we love Christ above all,
 For wine, ale, and pipes, and tobacco we call;
 In singing, and dancing, and piping, we spend
 The time set apart, for to honour our friend.
 And if we should chance for to mention his name,
 Ten thousand to one but the same we blaspheme. ;
 While Venus, and Bacchus we strive for to please,
 With songs made in praise of such spectres as these!
 O might not the Heathen turn back and reply
 If this be the God that once for you did die,
 'Tis better by far in the grave he had lain,
 Than that he should ever have risen again.
 Mahometants may their Mahomet prize now,
 Since what he has promis'd such christians allow;
 And call their vile blasphemy innocent mirth,
 And worship no God but their bellies, on earth.

III.

ONCE more the dear Lamb, the risen I AM,
 Inviteth his friends to draw nigh,
 He gifts did receive, to sinners to give,
 When up he ascended on high:
 The gifts were for those rebellious foes
 Who nothing deserved but Hell;
 He peace having gain'd, has power attain'd
 That God here among us might dwell.

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The

The Lord he is here, let sinners draw near,
And keep with the Saviour a feast;
Jehovah, our friend, has promis'd to send
his spirit to lead us to rest.

At Pentecost we th' effusion do see,
Jehovah his presence doth give;

The promise foretold by Joel of old,
Fulfill'd is in those that believe.

But must we suppose the gift was for those
And now that the Spirit is fled?

Says Jesus, their friend, unto the world's end
I am with you; but now they are dead.

Therefore 'tis we read, to us, and our seed,
The gift is extended to all,

Both Gentile, and Jew, the gift is for you,
To all that Jehovah shall call.

Go out, saith the Lord, and publish the word,
Good tidings to sinners impart;

Who e'er doth believe shall surely receive
The spirit of truth in their heart.

Then let us draw near, the gospel to hear,
The preaching of faith we shall prove

As powerful now, our doubts to o'erthrow,
And give us the Spirit of love.

No wonder at all that people shall fall
So low as this truth to deny;

When forms that are dead are plac'd in Christ's stead,
And souls taught they can't him enjoy.

And tho' they will pray to Jesus each day,
Their hearts to inspire and cleanse,

They will not believe that man can receive
Remission, or pardon of sins.

Thus mocking the Lord, despising his word,
Quite wretched and poor they remain;

No knowledge of God, no peace thro' his blood,
No happiness can they attain.

No

No wonder they find no peace in their mind,
No Spirit of love from the Lord;
When him they despise, take pleasure in lies
And vanities, more than his word.
While souls can rejoice, in cards, and in dice,
In drinking, in sports, and in play,
'Tis evident clear, that God is not there,
Nor do they desire he may.
'Tis true they will make a feast for his sake,
And dainties provide in great store:
But let us but mind, we quickly shall find,
Their belly's the god they adore.
If christians you are, as christians forbear
To walk in the channels of death;
From such turn away, who Satan obey,
And reprobates are to the faith.
Let those who proclaim Immanuel's name,
From every evil depart,
That others may spy, the feast they enjoy
Who Jesus possess in their hearts.

An Enigma.

H. J. and P. they all did agree
To take away C. but this could not be
Without the permission of G.
M. stood amaz'd and wonder'd to see
The hatred and malice of H. J. and P.

On our town wakes, feast, frolicks, or rust
buryings.

When thou makest a dinner, or a supper, (saith the Lord) call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and so a recompence be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed, &c. Luke xiv. 12, 13, 14, 26, 27.—Lord have mercy upon us, (saith the conditional professor) and excuse us from keeping this commandment we beseech thee. For we hate the Antinomian doctrine, and strictly adhere to thy law as our rule of life!

ALL ye that love feasting come hasten away,
And keep a rich feast with the Saviour to day,
The fatlings are kill'd, all things ready be,
The Lamb he is slaughter'd for you, and for me.
The Bridegroom inviteth, 'come eat of my fare,
And drink of my wine, for quite welcome you are.'
See here an example for sinners indeed,
A feast is prepared for those who have need;
The brethren of Christ, tho' holy and wise,
With all their rich treasures, the Lord does despise,
While harlots and publicans gladly draw near,
Glad tidings to sinners, from Jesus to hear.
'Tis true our dear Saviour inviteth his friends,
To Israel, with others his mercy extends:
But those who cry out, The house of the Lord!
Yet do not his will, they are by him abhor'd:
No room in their hearts for his dainties they find,
Their oxen and farms, and their merchandize mind.
Therefore

Therefore they're not worthy to come to the feast,
 And tho' they were bidden can not be his guest.
 For Jesus was sent to preach to the poor,
 For those who have nothing, there's mercy in store.
 He saith, who my will doth, and followeth me,
 My father, and mother, and brethren shall be.
 Why should we then feast with the rich and the great?
 Or be so desirous, with kinsfolk to eat?
 Who vainly pretend to honour a day,
 In eating, and drinking, in sports and in play!
 Who much esteem Moses, but now he's not found,
 They make a new calf, and are dancing around.
 Were houses, (call'd temples, or churches) e're
 [known
 To be dedicated to saints round the throne?
 Or do we e'er read, that Jesus e'er gave
 Commission to christians such feasting to have?
 No, this time of reveling never could be,
 Thou christians example, invented by thee.
 If we in the Gospel, our wakes cannot prove,
 'Tis evident then, they are not from above.
 If not from above, they must be from hell;
 The question is then, whether christians do well
 In giving their presence;—not shewing the evil,
 Of feasts called sacred, brought in by the devil?

A letter to a friend, touching the nature of faith.

Dear Friend,

I Trust this will find your soul happy with those
 who have obtained like precious faith with you,
 —obtained like precious faith! What is faith?
 why is it called precious? how is it attained? and by
 what means can we distinguish this precious faith,
 from the common faith of the world?—These
 questions

questions all having started forth without being called for, I think I will endeavour to give them all a friendly answer before I dismiss them. And as to the first, what is faith? I have given an answer to that in my catechism. It is to believe a report. In whatsoever a person believes, they may be said to have faith in. And how is the same attained? I answer, it is obtained two ways, first, by a thing being demonstrated to our reason, as the Lord said to Thomas, "Now thou hast seen me thou hast believed." And secondly, by giving credit to a report delivered by one in whom we can confide. As for instance, a person holds a bee in his hand that seems to me to lie intirely dead, having been caught in a shower of rain; he tells me the same is alive, and that I soon shall see the little creature again upon the wing; but I cannot believe him, until by holding the same in his warm hand, or towards the sun, or fire, I see it begin to stir, and then, although I had no power to believe before, yet now I cannot disbelieve. Another Person tells me that I have an estate left me, but I cannot believe him, well knowing that all my relations are as poor as Job on the dunghill: But when he brings me a will, deed of gift, or, &c. and shews me that some one out of their own free-will has made me their heir, although I had no free-will to believe the same before, yet now I have no longer any power to disbelieve.

Hence we learn that the power of believing lies not in man. And that no one can believe of himself, even in natural things, until by some means the understanding is enlightened. Again, another tells me that the Lord has laid my iniquities upon Jesus Christ, and that he has borne them in his own body
upon

upon the tree, and thus put them away by the sacrifice of himself, so that in Christ Jesus, God now stands reconciled to me, because peace is made between God and man by the blood of the cross. But being an ignorant Person, I have no power to believe the report; however good I may think the news to be, and that because of my natural blindness, and natural education. For,

Religion's a thing very plain,
If men would but open their eyes,
It's taught in a barbarous strain,
And there the great mystery lies.

God commands that the vision should be wrote so plain, that he may run that readeth it, and says, that wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err in his way of holiness. And Paul says, "Seeing then that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech: and not as Moses, which put a veil over his face, &c."* Nevertheless,

"How dark is all the world, and dead,
With this delusion overspread,
Seeking to be devout and good,
By other means than Jesu's blood!"

And therefore I begin to object, that sins cannot be pardoned till I have repented of them, that God cannot be reconciled to me while I am a sinner, that if I enter into life I must keep the commandments, &c. Well, the person says, it is not I, but that God against whom you have sinned that says these things. I ask him where? He shews me the words where the Gospel holds this matter forth.

I see

* Hab. ii. 2. Isa. xxxv. 8. 2 Cor. iii.

I see the word says so, yet still I have a thousand objections in my mind, occasioned by the demands of the law, therefore I cannot yet believe. Well, then he shews me from the word of the same Lord, that all these demands are answered in the Person of Christ, and that for sinners, therefore for me. And that "By him all that believe are justified from all things." And now my judgment begins to be enlightened, therefore conviction takes place, so that I must either believe the thing is so, or else wilfully oppose the truth: And to this end the Gospel is to be preached to every creature, in order to enlighten their understanding, that those who are dead in sin, "Having their understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, *through the ignorance that is in them*, because of the blindness of their heart" † might now be brought to believe that, which in their ignorance they had neither strength or power to believe.

Obj. But is not faith the gift of God? I answer, yes surely, all things are the gift of God. "What hast thou (O man) that thou didst not receive?" But let me ask, do you consider faith to be our act of believing, or that it is some quality, habit, or image, some how infused into the soul? If the latter, then I should be glad to know what it is, and how infused, because the scripture gives no account of it. But if we consider faith to be the very act of the soul, when it believes in, trusteth upon, and layeth hold of Jesus Christ for life and salvation, as he is held forth in the promise made to sinners: Then we must consider, how is it the gift of God?—Suppose a man that I knew was given to romance, comes in and says, Well, I have seen a very odd affair to day, yonder is three men
have

† Eph. iv. 18. i. 18.

have all agreed to cut each others throats, and one of them is the parson of the parish, another is a highwayman, and the third is a tinker! Now from such a one, this story would not gain the least credit, neither could I believe the same, although in so doing I might gain the world: But let a person of known reputation come and record the same from his own knowledge, and I have then no longer power to disbelieve the story, however strange it may seem: And now, may it not with propriety of speech, be said, that this second man has given me faith? and thus faith comes by hearing. But it is objected, a man may study, labour, strive, and that with great diligence for many years, and not find himself able to believe, when all on a sudden, a scripture shall be brought to his mind, that he, perhaps, never remembers reading, and now he finds power to believe what he has long laboured for in vain. Very well, but I generally find these sort of believers, as their faith comes of a sudden, so it soon goes again, and therefore you always hear them complaining of hidings, withdrawings, desertions, &c. Because they do not believe, thus saith the Lord in his promise, it is therefore true. But they believe, because thus it was brought to me; and so of consequence disbelieve when thus it is taken away. That scriptures are thus brought sometimes to our mind is true, and if we believe them as often as we remember them it is well. But before we make this an infallible rule, we must prove that no spirit in nature does thus work or operate upon the human mind. But I can prove that the spirit does thus operate in natural things, therefore this is not an infallible rule. I have diligently studied night and day to find out a sum in arithmetic, and after all left it, as I thought, just

as I found it: When some time after, as I was going on the road, and thought nothing of it, it has of a sudden popp'd into my head how to do it, and I have stopped and worked the same with the end of my stick in the dust. Now I ask, by what spirit was this brought? or should I ever have known how to do this sum, if I had never studied, heard, or read any thing of arithmetic? For I have never heard as yet, of one soul among us that has learned arithmetic by inspiration: Neither have I heard of any of the studious Heathens that have thus learned faith in the Lord Jesus. And how common is it for things in nature to come suddenly into our minds, even things that have been done and forgotten for many years together? Therefore, no wonder that when we begin to think and study a little about sacred things, that portions of scripture should come into our minds, and make an impression upon the same, although we have in time past carelessly read them again, and again, and let them pass away as a tale that is told: Yet still we are to remember, that we have no wisdom but what enters through the organs of our senses; therefore wisdom itself asketh this question, "How shall they believe on him, of whom they have not heard." It is true, the world, in this our day, is all up in arms against God's word, in order to make the same of none effect to us, and to our children; for while the ignorant Papist denies the common people the use of the Bible; the learned Protestant tells us that we cannot understand it, but as he, in his great wisdom, shall give us the sense of it. And what though the stupid Quaker, and rigid Predestinarian can see the folly of this, yet so infatuated are they by that enthusiastical notion, that the word as it is set forth in the Bible,

is not able to make us wise unto salvation; although God declares it is,* that they do not cease blasphemously to call the same a dead letter, although he who speaks it says, the letter kills, even the very letter of the law, which is proof sufficient that God's words are spirit and life, seeing the dead can never rise up and kill the living. And while they are thus considering things, instead of hearkening to God as he speaks to them in his word, where his will and mind is revealed, or seeking to understand the same by comparing one scripture with another, with diligent prayer to God for wisdom to understand them, they are looking after some new revelation, or some spirit to come from above to give them some-how some token that they have a greater right to the blessings of God than what other people have: And thus the poor honest soul is brought down to the grave with distress and anguish, while the hands of the carnal are strengthened, and their souls lulled fast asleep in carnal security, under that stupified turkish notion, "I must wait God's time, and when he draws me by his Almighty power I shall come, but I can do nothing of myself." Whereas the voice of God is, "Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation!" And that the Gospel is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth. Hence it is evident, that those who hear not God's voice by his prophets and apostles speaking in his word, are like unto Saul, who in his distress sought a familiar spirit to raise Samuel from the dead; whereas when Satan appears under the good man's cloak, he can tell him no more than just what the prophet of old had told him. Even so, these enthusiasts who

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are

are always waiting for some powerful voice, or new revelation, when they have worked themselves up into a religious phrensy, and got a new imagination, they learn no more than what God by his prophets had before revealed to them. Let us not then lay a stumbling-block in the sinner's way, lest we come under that woe denounced against the Pharisees of old, who entered not the kingdom themselves, nor suffered them that were entering to go in. For thus saith the Lord concerning such, "Behold, I am against your pillows, wherewith ye there hunt the souls to make them flee, (from the promise made to sinners in the gospel)—Your kerchiefs (wherewith you wipe your eyes when you weep over your prey) also will I tear, and deliver my people out of your hand, and they shall be no more in your hand to be hunted, and ye shall know that I am the Lord, because with lies ye have made the heart of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad; and strengthened the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life."* But to return, "faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." God speaks to us in his word, we believe he cannot lie, therefore receive his testimony, and thus the word operates upon the soul to give it peace and joy in believing, and therefore our faith is called the faith of the operation of God,

Obj. But the faith of God's elect is called precious faith, wherein is it precious, if it differs not in it's act from believing other things? In this point we should always learn to distinguish between the act, and the object of our faith, to believe is one thing, to believe in Jesus Christ is something

* Matt. xxiii. 13. Ezek. xiii. 20, 21, 22.

something more. Do we not say, well thou art a precious messenger, when a person brings us a precious message? Even so, the faith of God's elect is a precious faith, because of the preciousness of its object: Therefore saith the apostle, "Unto you therefore which believe, he (Christ) is precious. It is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, &c." But do we look for beauty in the preacher's shoes, or shape of his feet! No, it is the beautiful message he carries that makes his feet beautiful. Even so, the precious object of our faith, makes our faith to be a precious faith. The act of eating is the same, when a man eats a bran-dumpling, as it is when he eats a piece of salmon, or venison; but we say, salmon, and venison is choice eating; not that the act of eating differs, but the choiceness, or preciousness lies in the choice, precious food. Again, when we say, such a one made me a rich gift, we always understand the richness of the gift to be in the value of the thing given, whereas the act both of giving, and receiving, is the same with giving and receiving one farthing. Again, we say, my very soul was delighted with the lovely sight of that beautiful garden, well acted play, &c. Whereas the act of seeing was the very same with seeing a toad crawl before us, which filled us with contempt against the poor animal. Even so, the preciousness of faith lies not in the act of believing, but in the precious object believed in: And as the Israelites had not new eyes given them to look at the brazen serpent, but with their old wounded ones looked, and in the very act of looking were made whole, not by their act of looking, but by the object looked at: so we with our old, wounded, weak, filthy, hard and stubborn hearts believe in
the

the Lord Jesus, and thus, "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." So my faith becomes a precious faith, as it leads me to Jesus in whom I enjoy all spiritual, and special blessings. But many souls, not knowing what faith is, are dreaming of its coming down from heaven, and while they are waiting for it, the devil runs away with all their comforts, and if they still keep rejecting the testimony that God has given in his word, he will at the last run away with their souls also. But if faith is believing, then it does not come from above, "For with the heart man believeth," and I suppose that all will allow that a man's heart is in this world. Then we must conclude that the object of our faith comes from above, and that the authority upon which we believe, is the revelation that is given to us from above in the word of truth, that believing is an act of the soul, and that the precious faith, is the faith begotten by the word, which leads to, believes in, and holds fast a precious Saviour.

May the God of peace establish your precious soul more perfectly in this precious faith. Amen.

Adieu, Isaac.

A second letter to father Curious.

Sir,

WHEN I was last in town, you may remember, we went together to see Mrs. E. R. who was in deep despair concerning her eternal state: And there you used some expressions that I think worthy of notice. She complained

what a grievous sinner she was ; and you told her, that if she was not a sinner she had no business with Jesus Christ. She reply'd, but I have no comfort. You again put her in mind, that she had no business to look for comfort, she should consider that she had a right to look to Jesus Christ as a sinner to-day, and if she felt herself a sinner to-morrow, she had still a right to Jesus Christ, who was set forth in the gospel as the sinner's Saviour. She reply'd, but I feel my conscience fear'd against the Saviour. You told her, she had no business with her fear'd conscience, her business was with Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners, let them be in whatsoever state or condition they will: For such he was prepared, to such he is given, and all such have a gospel-right to believe in him, let them find or feel themselves how they will. I must acknowledge that such expressions are savoury meat to me, however carnal reason may cavil at them. I see clearly from the very nature of the gospel, which is in itself glad tidings, that we want no other qualification to fit us for Jesus Christ, than that qualification sin and Satan has already put us into the possession of: So that whenever I feel or find myself a sinner, I know I am such a one as Jesus Christ died for, and as such a one, have a right to plead, "He loved me, and gave himself for me," Besides, If you only consider the character our Saviour bears towards us: a Physician: a Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness: the Bread and Water of life: a Covering, &c. Then let me ask, who is qualified for the physician but the sick? Or for the fountain but the filthy? Who stands in need of bread and water but the hungry and thirsty?

thirsty? Or who wants a covering but the naked? Or will any one that has any sense or reason, first strive to heal themselves, and then conclude they have prepared themselves for the physician? Or will they first strive to clean themselves, and then come to the water? Will they first labour to fill themselves, and then eat and drink? Or first cover themselves and then seek for cloathing? Nature teaches men better, and yet in spiritual things we see,

“Vainly some men would wash themselves, and [then

Address the fountain to be made more clean.”

They spend their money for what it not bread,

And then come to the Saviour to be fed.

Physicians of no value first they try,

And then the Balm of *Gilead* come to buy.

Few, few there are that can persuaded be,

That Christ, with all Benefits is free.

Yes, say some, he is free for them that are truly qualified. Very well, and as all who are sinners are truly qualified, therefore he is free for all.

Object. But altho' no works of ours can fit us for a Saviour, must we not mourn for sin, feel the burden of it, and be weary and heavy laden on the account of it, before we can come, seeing our Saviour only calls such? *Ans.* That he calls such to come to him is true, but that he calls only such is false; for he also says, “Hearken unto me ye stout-hearted, *that are far from righteousness.* I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry.”* Now we cannot suppose any to be in a worse estate than these, seeing

* Isa. xlv. 12, 13.

seeing they are stout-hearted against God, and far from righteousness, and yet bad as they are, the Lord calls them to hearken, and is not afraid to set his righteousness, and his salvation before them.

Obj. But is it not presumption for vile sinners, just as they are to venture their souls upon Jesus Christ for life and salvation, until they find some amendment in themselves? Ans. If the scripture is true which says, "But without faith it is impossible to please God." Then we must conclude, that all amendment without faith is not pleasing to him, and therefore our Saviour says, "That which is highly esteemed amongst men, is abomination in the sight of God." Now as the first degree or act of faith is, a repenting, or turning from all other things to Jesus Christ, and thus coming to, or believing on him for life and salvation. Therefore, there can be no amendment before faith.* And that it can be no presumption for sinners when they hear the blessed sound of the Gospel to believe the same, let their state be what it will, I prove from that word of truth that will stand when men have wreck'd their brains, and tired themselves to death in order to overturn the same, and make it become of none effect to us, and to our children.

And first I ask, can it be presumption to hearken when God speaks? Or is it not my duty to obey his commandments? Be silent then, for the Lord is about to open his mouth, hearken, I pray you, that you may receive instruction from him. "Look unto me, and be ye saved all the ends of the earth." Am I one of the ends of the earth? then Jehovah speaks to me; therefore to obey him cannot be a sin. Again, "while ye have the light, be-

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* Acts x. 43. xi. 18. Heb. xi. 6, 13.

lieve in the light, that ye may be the children of the light." Here observe, they who are not children of the light, are called to believe in the light, that so they may become children of light: Therefore it cannot be presumption for those who are in the darkness of sin and unbelief, when they hear the sound of the Gospel to believe the same: For as it is every sinner's duty to obey God's commandments, please to hear;—"And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his son Jesus Christ, and love one another." And that every objection may be removed out of the poor sinner's way, pray hearken once more, for the Lord, who cannot lie, says, "Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded."† So that here is God's invitation, God's commandment, and God's promise, all engaged for the poor sinner's safety who comes to Christ upon the authority of the free grant in the Gospel. And now sinner consider, can it possibly be presumption for sinners thus to trust their souls upon him? Or can the objectors prove their dark doctrine from so good authority? Hence we conclude it true, that the most abandon'd wretch has a right to Jesus Christ as he is freely given to sinners in the Gospel. Nevertheless it is also true, that although as sinners we have a right to Jesus Christ, yet none but the righteous have a right to heaven. So that when souls have done all they can, they must at the last come to Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, or else they will never be fit for heaven. And because this point must be of great use to every soul that well understandeth the same, I have here sent you a Poem compos'd upon the subject, to stir up your

pure

† Isa. xlv. 22. John xii. 36. 1 John iii. 23. 1 Pet. ii. 6.

pure mind by way of remembrance, for as the
wise man well says, "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a
man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

WELL met my brother, give me pray
A little good advice to day;
I want to know how God has given
A right to Christ, a right to heaven.
I hear within the Gospel call,
A voice to sinners great and small;
Yet I a voice from heaven hear,
None but the righteous shall come there.
I find I am not righteous now,
To cleanse myself I can't tell how,
The more I strive, the more I find,
The deeper stain I leave behind.
Why does he in the Gospel call,
Yet give the soul no pow'r at all?
Why does he bid me wash, when I
Am dead in my iniquity?
My brother, my advice is free,
As I receiv'd I'll give to thee;
Thy God do not with folly charge,
The Gospel myst'ry's very large,
What need we after power run,
When God himself our work has done?
The Gospel call does power give
Sufficient for us to believe,
Because that in the Gospel call,
The Lord includeth sinners all.
If thou art dead in sin, don't fear,
The Gospel says, the dead shall hear;
And having heard thy sins forgiven,
And thou hast then a right to heaven.
If thou art conscious thou hast been
A lover of the world and sin,

A hater of each thing that's good,
Thou'ft right to plead the Saviour's blood.
He dy'd for sinners on the tree,
He's in the Gospel given to thee,
Whoe'er thou art, however base,
Thou may'ft partake of Jesu's grace;
Yea, if thy conscience does thee tell,
There's not a worse on this side hell,
Job or Cornelius ne'er cou'd be
More fit for Jesus Christ than thee.
If thou hast lived here on earth
Ten thousand years, with every breath
Hadst blasphem'd heaven and all therein,
Christ's blood's more pow'rful than thy sin!
A fountain freely flows for thee,
It's no presumption, come and see,
Christ (the true scape-goat) bears away
Thy sin, which God on him did lay.
The blood of Abel vengeance cries,
Thy sins have reach'd up to the skies,
But Jesu's blood speaks better things,
Above the skies of mercy rings.
Shew me a man that's perfect, quite,
I'll shew thee one that has no right
To Jesus Christ, because he's given
Sinners to save, and bring to heaven.
And yet we must be righteous quite,
E'er we to heaven have a right,
We must be perfect, free from sin,
Or we shall never enter in.
Perfection's to be found, it's true,
Not in ourselves, or what we do;
Perfection's only in the Lamb,
In him, by faith, I perfect am.
His precious blood has paid my score,
His righteousness me covers o'er!

His

His holiness my wants supplies,
My title here to heaven lies.

So as a Sinner I have a right to Jesus Christ,
and being found in Jesus Christ, in him I am meet
for, and also have a title to heaven.

Then let men call me rogue, or what they will,
To Jesus Christ I have a title still;
And since the Saviour unto me is given,
In him, I have a title good to heaven.
So if my brethren would hedge up my way,
They first must stop my Jesus, then they may.
And if they say friend A—from whence came **you**?
I answer, Jesus Christ has brought me through.
But we did ne'er expect to see you here!
It may be so, but yet my way was clear.
But you a deadly sinner are, say they.
It's very true, but Christ wash'd that away.
But you have finned after you had light.
It's very true, but Jesus made me white.
But you've offended us, who sought your good.
Suppose that true, I've peace thro' Jesu's blood.
But you have been our very heavy burden.
Suppose that true, yet Jesus gives me pardon.
But you have took a licence to do evil.
I'm sure none told you that, but master devil.
But this we know, that you have held free-will.
Suppose that true, yet Jesus loves me still.
But you are half a Quaker, so don't please us.
Suppose that true, I have a part in Jesus.
But you forbid we should our infants sprinkle.
Suppose that true, I'm free from spot or wrinkle.
But pray regard the word of your commander.
I do, pray mind you neither lie nor slander.

But

But from your Brethren you do run away.
 Suppose that true, I don't from Jesus stray.
 But surely this appeareth very odd.
 I only leave them where they leave their God.
 But dont you your superiors condemn?
 No, where they follow Christ, I follow them.
 But God commandeth you should them obey.
 Yes, in the Lord, else by no means I may.
 How far may you with safety from them draw?
 The written word must be my constant law.
 Then without more or less, you that obey?
 Yes, they are curs'd who add or take away.
 But of your brethren you have lightly spoke.
 Suppose that true, they first did me provoke.
 But here they judge you wrong where e'er they come.
 If that's a fault, pray mend the same at home.
 But in this thing you're judged wrong by many.
 In this they've paid me pounds for ev'ry penny.
 But you should always good do against evil,
 True, but I must oppose the flesh and devil.
 But is it right your brethren to disgrace.
 Yes, here we must withstand them to the face.
 But charity bears all: This must be granted:
 No charity must come where truth is wanted.
 What truth is that which nothing will endure?
 The Gospel truth must be preserved pure.
 What is the Gospel truth that pure must be?
 That Christ alone makes captive sinners free,
 You judge his perfect work is our salvation!
 Yes, he that adds to this incurs damnation.†
 Then all who add to this deceivers are:
 Yes, if an angel should the same declare.
 But if you're fleshly-minded, you shall die.
 True, but all fleshly works I do deny.

But

† Gal. i. 8. 9. ii. 4, 5, 11, 14. v. i. to 6. 1 Cor. i. 30. 31.

But surely you have let the old-man reign?
 You quite mistake, he long ago was slain.
 But are not you a servant unto nature?
 Indeed I'm not, in Christ I'm a new creature.
 What is it then that sometimes stirs within?
 It is not me, it's that old tyrant sin.
 I thought you told us you from sin was freed!
 I told the truth, I'm dead to it indeed.
 Pray tell us how you now from sin are free?
 Because the Lord imputeth none to me.
 And can you now take pleasure in your sin?
 I'm dead to it, and cannot live therein.
 But we are sure sometimes you step aside.
 I own that's true, yet Jesus for me dy'd.
 We find you keep a pack-horse in your stable.
 To bear my sins myself I am not able.
 You get away your sins, friend, very finely.
 Shew me a better way, I'll thank you kindly.
 But dare we load the precious Saviour so?
 Friends, if you don't, I'm sure to hell you'll go.
 But we are willing for to bear a part.
 Alas! Alas! for that you'll surely smart.
 So you depend on Christ and think all's well?
 Yes, so must you, or else be sent to hell.
 But after holiness we would aspire.
 In Christ I have whate'er I can desire.
 If holiness dont make, it shews the creature.
 True, in it's place the more you have the better.
 We judge it makes us meet to be in heaven.
 I therefore judge you stink of the old leav'n.
 But dont the Spirit work both joy and sorrow?
What we do is our own, tho' tools we borrow!
 But dont the Spirit sanctify and woo us?
 Yes, as it speaks of Christ, and shews him to us.
 But God's commands are high, and broad, and long.
 In Christ I am compleat, shall be my song.

Well,

56 *Wholesome cordials for the*

Well, fare you well, we find you'll stand your
[ground.

I will, till you a better track have found.

Adieu, Isaac.

*A letter to one under the feeling sense of a hard
heart.*

Dear friend,

I Hope you will excuse my long delay in writing to you, and now accept of a few lines, wherein I shall make some remarks on your two last. In that of Jen. 18. you say, "I wish I could say, *My God,*" but you see not the wickedness of your heart, and are waiting for God to give you a new heart, that so you may be qualified for his acceptance, &c. I know these are the natural ideas of men, they learn them in the school of philosophy and vain deceit, and therefore it is very hard to get rid of them. You are looking at the wickedness of your heart, and therefore no wonder you are miserable, for truly to see the heart of man as it is, is a dreadful sight. But do you not consider the all-compassionate heart of our dear Lord and Saviour! You perceive your heart to be hard and impenitent, and this brings a heavy burden upon your soul, and makes you fly from the Lord Jesus as an angry judge, I know this to be the case, my soul has felt, and experience daily teaches the same, whatever doctrinal notions we may have learned to the contrary. You say, you think that you do not see the depth of it's wickedness. And indeed it is a mercy that you do not; for I perceive you see enough already to make you question whether the

the day of grace is not past with you! But what do you mean by the day of grace! Does not the Lord say, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation!" If it is now, then it is not past, no, this gospel-day is the day of God's grace to poor sinners, and will last so long as Jesus sits upon the throne in the character of a Mediator. But you say, that you do not feel the drawings of the Father: And no wonder, when you do not believe the Father's testimony concerning his Son Jesus: who says to the Jews, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me: for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my word?" And again, "How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only! For it is written in the Prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard (their testimony) and hath learned (by the same the mind) of the Father, cometh unto me. But ye believe not because ye are not of my sheep," because ye have not believed the testimony of Moses and the prophets concerning me: for, No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him, (by their testimony) and I will raise him up at the last day.* Hence learn, that God draws by persuasive arguments, and while these arguments are made use of, there is a will begot we can't tell how. So it was with mother Eve, she had no free-will to sin against God, but Satan worked upon her with his arguments until at the last lust conceived and brought forth sin, a desire was begot in her to eat the forbidden fruit, "and sin when it is finished

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bringeth

* Compare John v. 39, to 47, with John vi. 29, 40, 44, 45, 47, 53. And x. 25, 26, 27, 28.

bringeth forth death." She then put forth her hand and took and eat. And that God works upon our souls by the word of the apostles and prophets in the same manner is evident to all who believe the same, for proof read seriously the 2d of Proverbs; lay aside all schemes of men, and consider God is there speaking to you, and you will find "where the word of a king is, there is power."* This has always been your mistake, and the cause of your misery, instead of searching the scriptures to find out what God has said there concerning his Son Jesus, who is the sinner's Saviour, you have been looking into yourself for some supernatural change there as a foundation upon which you may venture to call God your God. But this is that sandy foundation that will not bear the storm, for so far as God's word may be believed, whatever change is wrought in us by which we are profited: it is wrought in us, not before we call upon God in a right manner, but in the very act of calling upon him *as our God*. For the scripture hath said, whosoever believeth on him, shall not be ashamed. For the same Lord over all, is rich unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel, "In returning and rest shall ye be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." And may it not be said of us as it was of them of old? *And ye would not!* For unto us was the gospel preached, as well as unto them: but the word preached did not profit them, NOT BEING MIXED WITH FAITH IN THEM THAT HEARD IT. For we which have believed, do enter into rest. But even unto this

* Eccles. viii. 4.

this day, where Moses is read, the vail is upon their heart. But we (who believe) all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."* But you say, God will not save a man that will not come over to him voluntarily, and how to be a volunteer you know not, and with regard to drawing, or compelling, it seems inconsistent to make a free agent happy by force. In this matter you argue quite right, for true it is, no soul can possibly be happy in that which is contrary to their free choice, because happiness consisteth in the free and full enjoyment of what the soul delights in, be it what it will. So that altho' it is true that our God compels his people to come in, yet the compulsion he makes use of cannot be like compelling the dunce to mind his study, or the lazy man his business, for whatever advances these may make, their employ is still as a yoke on their necks, because they have no pleasure therein. But when the Almighty draws, it is with "cords of a man, with bands of love," and at the same time he takes the yoke off their jaws; allures the soul, and brings it into the wilderness, and speaks comfortably unto it.†

And are you saying, what are the cords of a man, or the bands of love? I ask, Have you not seen a man place his affections upon a woman, and be so overcome with her, that he can by no means bridle his passion, or draw back his desires; while she shall have no more liking to him, or desire after him, than you have to become a volunteer in the service of the Lord Jehovah! Nevertheless,

H 2

she

* Rom. x. 6, to 17. 2 Cor. iii. 15—18. † Hos. ii. 14. xi. 4. Jer. iii. 1.

she may see something in his person or estate, that is praise-worthy, and might tend to make her happy if she could love him; but as she has no affection for him, she well knows nothing else can make her happy, therefore she refuses all his offers. Well, his heart is set upon her, and therefore he cannot satisfy himself without her; so that altho' he is again, and again refused he still continues his sute: But how does he seek to draw her? does he seek for an act of parliament to compel her? or bring an army of soldiers to seize her by force? does he drive her with threatnings, whips and scourges? or drag her after him in fetters and chains? No, these are not the cords of a man, or the bands of love; by these he will never give her a new heart, or gain her for his bride. What must then be done? Why he uses all the persuasive and endearing arguments that he is master of, makes her presents, employs others to interceed for him, shews her his riches, and engages that all shall be hers, &c. And so by little and little he gains full possession of her affections, and then the difficulty is all over; and she may properly be said to have a new heart, and a right spirit in her towards him: and thus has he drawn her willingly to embrace him for her husband, that she once had no will to accept of.

Now just so it is with you, you see something in the favour of Jehovah that might be to your advantage, and from this view of things wish to call him, *my God*, but you feel in yourself no affection for him, and therefore you conclude you cannot be happy with him. And why is this? It is because you feel the burden of your sin, and therefore flee from him as your enemy; for you think it is impossible that he should love such sinners as you are.

are. You view him in his justice, and there see his anger burn towards you, and what tho' you allow he makes proposals of peace to you, yet you imagine it is upon such hard terms that you cannot comply with them, and therefore you are ready to despair, questioning whether there is any mercy in store for you. Well, and how must we know whether there is mercy for you or not? If you examine your heart, I know that will tell you there is none, but then you would do well to remember that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." I also know, that Satan who has power to tempt, and is lord of the carnal heart, will also tell you so; but he is a liar, and the father of lies. But this I say, and will undertake to prove, that God no where in his blessed word tells us so. Let us search the same and see what the Father of mercies there says to you. And is it not written, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance (therefore of yours) that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, &c. Are you a sinner then? If so, you have a right from this word to conclude he came to save you. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." And his voice is, "Look unto me, and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth." Now as all the ends of the earth are called, you, as one of the ends of the earth have a right to conclude that God in this word speaks to you. But you are such a sinner, you say, you fear God will not accept you. And was not Christ the Saviour of sinners, your fears would be well grounded, but this is our mercy, God "hath made us accepted in the beloved Jesus: In whom we have redemption thro' his blood, the forgiveness

givenness of sins, according to the riches of his grace;" and not according to our deserts. But still you object and say, that you are a vile sinner, and that you have aggravated your sins by resisting the motions of the Spirit. Allowing all this to be true, yet vile sinners are but sinners, and the unerring word tells us that Christ came to save the chief of sinners, yea, what tho' your heart is hard and stout against God, yet he says, "Hearken unto me ye stout-hearted that are far from righteousness." Well, and what says the Almighty to such rebels as these? why he says, (O amazing love!) "I bring near my righteousness, and my salvation shall not tarry! Come now let us reason together saith the Lord, tho' your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, tho' they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."§ And will not all these kind invitations draw you to Jesus? What say you? Are you yet crying out, O! that I knew God was reconciled to me? Well can you take his word? "Be swift to hear," for he that cannot lie speaks. "And all things are of God who hath reconciled us unto himself by Jesus Christ."

And now behold the great God against whom you have sinned prays and beseeches you to be reconciled! "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."† Surely now you cannot doubt of his love! If these testimonies will not remove your doubts, neither would you be persuaded tho' one rose from the dead. But I hope better things of you, I hope you will with meekness receive the ingrafted word which is able to save your soul: which that you may is the hearty prayer of your servant and the Lord's free-man.

Isaac.

§ Isa. xlv. 12, 13. i. 18. † 2 Cor. v. 18, 20.

To the perfect happy man.

I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. Phil. iv. 11. *On these considerations,* All things work together for good to them that love God. Rom. viii. 28.

Dear friend,

I Received yours by Mr. C. and am glad to hear you say that you have chosen that good part which will never be taken from you; and I hope you have not only learned to say, peace be still, but that you prove that rest to be a glorious one which our God has prepared for his disciples.

I cannot but observe your remark, that the Martha's are angry with us because we have left them to serve alone, and why is it? Is it not because they expect a reward for their service? We visibly see it is, for was it not for the hopes of a reward, who that would might work for them. It is not service, meerly that people are so fond of, no, we daily see that those who cry out the most for service, are, for the most part the most slack in the performance of it. And this is purely the cause, they find themselves to be naturally inclined to vice, and as they know of no other power than that of slavish fear to restrain them from the same, they conclude there is no higher a state; and therefore it is that they are so angry with those who have thrown off that yoke of Egyptian bondage. But blessed be God, every one whom the Son makes free, knows by experience that there is a more powerful motive to holiness than that of slavish fear which hath torment; even the love of God which is shed abroad

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in the heart of every one that believeth in Jesus, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto them. And this love sweetly constrains to obedience, for "we love God because he first loved us: *and* charity never faileth," but is kind, and endures and bears all things. This is that good part which Mary chose, she sat at our Saviour's feet to hear his gracious words, and not this threatening, or angry words, and truly this is a pleasant seat. Have you found it?—abide there, let nothing drive your soul from this glorious rest. Neither turn your eyes any more towards mount Sinai as a spur to drive you to holiness, for,

If Jesu's love won't victory gam,

Legal attempts will all prove vain.

If you would lay aside every weight, and the sin that the most easily besets you, it must be done by looking to Jesus. His love will draw, when terror cannot drive. But I know the Martha's don't understand this language, and therefore they oppose it, and with angry looks, and a malicious heart cry out, What! must we have no law to restrain us? Nay, why then, away goes all holiness at once, according to the old proverb, "No law, no love." But pray my friends don't be so angry, lest your zeal for holiness should prove you to be murderers!† There is nothing cheaper than patience; and without charity all your holiness is but a tinkling cymbal. To extol piety, and live impious lives does no honour to your tenets. Have patience then while we look round and see what kind of awe Moses has his disciples in, and if we can find that he awes them well, it will be some encouragement to us to use his rod: †Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. † John iii. 15.

But while I turn round, my ears hear a sound
 Of cursing, and swearing, and lying;
 On every side ill nature, and pride,
 While do, do, do, do, they are crying!
 Before me I see his servants, to be
 Quite drunken; while whoring and gaming:
 They cry up good works, while Pagans and Turks
 Such servants as these they are shaming.
 If behind I do look, I see Moses forsook
 By all who cry, let him reign o'er us!
 Such servants we see his disciples to be,
 View behind, and each side, or before us.
 Ah! Moses's law, if this be thy awe,
 Who will may proclaim thee for me;
 But I will proclaim Immanuel's name,
 And sing, I from Moses am free!
 There's many souls wonder why I do not thunder
 And lighten, the drowsy to wake;
 Because some, of the law, make a head that is raw,
 And a bloody-bones too they do make.
 Poor Moses's train while driving again,
 With tears and with weeping, (all borrow'd,) A
 Spur up the old man to do what he can,
 With a whip and cut, lash, and go forward.
 But, if men are dead, as we often have said,
 To what end do we hallow and shout!
 Let us feed them with life, there's an end to all strife;
 And we never can raise them without.
 But again 'twill be said, men must know they are dead;
 And therefore it's needful to thunder;
 When it thunders again, 'ope the graves of dead men,
 And if any should rise I should wonder.
 But if Moses does preach, then he something does
 [teach,
 To the end we may something inherit;
 Then

Then our reason let's use, and not Moses abuse,
 As tho' we had seen a fowl spirit.
 When the law says, this do, it is certainly true
 That our God does these doings require:
 But although it says live, yet no strength does it give
 For to do what the soul does desire!
 True, it points out the debt; then it leaves us to
 [sweat
 And to toil, under sorrow and trouble:
 But says nothing of him who did sinners redeem,
 And made grace to abound to us double.*
 But the Gospel says come, Jesus paid the full sum,
 Let the debt be as large as it will!
 This love it will draw, when the frowns of the law
 Will but drive the soul farther off still.
 The Lamb says, come forth, this word's of more
 [worth
 Than all Sinai's thunder and rattle:
 I'll then take the sword and fight for my Lord,
 Thro' him I am sure of the battle.
 I'll tell of salvation, leave hell and damnation.
 For lawyers to carve as they please;
 And while they are toiling, and sweating, and
 [broiling,
 I'll quiet sit down, at my ease.

And if any reply, But the Lord says, "Wo to
 them that are at ease in Zion." I answer, true,
 if their trust is in the mountain of Samaria, or in
 man; altho' they are named chief of the nations:
 (compare Amos vi. 1. with Jer. xvii. 5, 7.) But
 where has the Lord said, Wo to them that cast
 their care upon him? On the contrary, has he not
 said "In returning and rest shall ye be saved, in
 quietness, and in confidence shall be your strength.
 Acquaint

* Isa. xl. 1. 2. lxi. 7. Röm. v. 20, 21.

Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace, THEREBY good shall come unto thee. For we which have believed, do enter into rest. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his."* May the Almighty keep our souls alive in this ever blessed rest, that so we may "serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all the days our lives." Amen. Peace be with you. Yours, in the best bonds.

Isaac.

Some thoughts on the work of the Spirit, In a Letter to a friend.

Dear friend,

WHEREAS you look upon me to be an enemy to the work of the Spirit, and desire me to speak freely without reserve on that subject, I shall now attempt to set this matter before you in a plain scriptural light, in order to remove your doubts, and comfort your soul with it's blessed rays of Divine light: How far I shall accomplish this; he who giveth the increase only knoweth. And first, I do deny that any man, in this our day, is filled with the Spirit in the manner that the people were in the apostolic age. And that this scripture, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed!" with many others, alude only to the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost; and this no one that sees with their own eyes can deny, seeing it is expressly said, "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them,

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and

* Isa. xxx. 15. Job. xxii. 21. Heb. iv. 3, 9, 10.

and they spake with tongues, and prophesied,* Consequently, did we receive the Holy Ghost by the imposition of hands, or by any other means as they did, after we have believed, then should we in like manner be able to speak with tongues, and prophecy. But no man in this our day is able thus to speak with tongues, &c. Therefore no man in this our day does in such a manner receive the Spirit. Compare Acts xix. 2, 5, 6. with Mark xvi. 17, 18, and 20. And it is evident beyond all contradiction, to all who are willing to lay aside their schemes of doctrine, that they learned before they sought to know the mind of God as it is simply reveal'd in his word, That the promise in John xiv. and xvi. was perfectly fulfilled on the day of Pentecost; as is fully set forth in Acts ii. Nevertheless, as it was with the Galatian converts, so it is now: They who hear the faith in Christ preached, and believe the same, receive the Spirit of Christ; for, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his" adopted child.*

But the question now is, How does the Spirit operate upon the human heart? Is it by the preaching, or works of the law? Or by the preaching of faith? I answer with Paul, Not by the works, or preaching of the law, but by the hearing of faith†. But it is asked, Does not Paul say, "I had not known sin but by the law." Is it not therefore evident, that the Spirit of Christ, even the Comforter, by the preaching of the law reproves of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment? Let Paul answer for himself. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" is the first reproof that Paul meets with from the blessed Jesus, and did he not know sin now think you? Yes, for he cries, "Who

* Rom. viii. 9, 15. † Gal. iii. 2. John i. 12.

"Who art thou, Lord?" Which proves that he was convinced that he believed not. Here then the Holy Ghost did his office, concerning whom the Saviour says, "When he is come he shall reprove the world of sin:—Of sin, because they believe not on me." *Question*, But are not people

frequently troubled in their consciences for sin, long before they know any thing of Christ, or his gospel, or even before they know what unbelief means? *Answer*, They are so. *Q*. Is not this conviction by the Spirit of Christ, the Comforter?

A. No, for then they would be comforted, but they are not comforted, but terrified. *Q*. By

what spirit are they thus convinced? *A*. By the Spirit of God according to his law, or justice. Has God got two spirits then! one according to

his law, another according to his gospel? *A*. No, "But there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all," and that this conviction is not from the Spirit of Christ, but from the law is evident, "Because the law worketh wrath," as it is "the ministration of death and condemnation."

The law reveals God as an angry sin-avenging God, and therefore the more steadily people believe the same, the more miserable they be. But the Gospel sets him forth as a God reconcil'd in Christ, and therefore the more firmly it is believed, the more peace the soul enjoys, Therefore it is called, the ministration of the Spirit, and of righteousness. And if we ask what spirit, it is answered, "Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."* Therefore where bondage is, the Spirit of the Lord is not, otherwise the word of God is not true. Now it is evident, that that reproof

which

* 1 Cor. xii. 6. Rom. iv. 15. 2 Cor. iii.

which is for sin, according to the law, is not, because we do not believe in Christ, but because we come short in our obedience, and though we fail, and fail again, yet we still keep under the vail of guilt until we hear of a better covenant. Neither are we reprov'd of righteousness by the law because Christ is gone to the Father, no, the law says nothing about his being gone to the Father, but reprov's us because our righteousness does not come up to the divine standard. And what thoughts have we of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged, when we come to think of judgment according to the law? Or can any one tell us how the law reprov's of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged? But as the Spirit receives the things of Christ, and in the Gospel shews them unto us, so while we are hearing the blessed sound thereof, we are reprov'd of sin, because we believe not. "Of righteousness, *also*, because I go to the Father and ye see me no more." But why so? Is it not manifest that he is accepted who has wrought out for us an everlasting righteousness, that so he might answer that character, The Lord, our Righteousness; otherwise the Father would have sent him back again. And whereas we think to stop the mouth of Satan by our obedience to the law, yet we find ourselves not able; therefore Satan is called "The accuser of the brethren;" and while we are under the legal covenant, we tremble because of him. But the Gospel informs us that he himself is judged, overcome, and cast down: "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, Christ also himself likewise took part of the same: that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death,

death, that is, the devil." And here the soul is not only reprov'd for it's own vain attempts to overcome him, but is also comforted through the knowledge of Jesus, who has judg'd the prince of darkness, and cast him down.

Adieu, Isaac.

A dialogue between Balaam and his ass, &c.

"AND the Lord opened the mouth of the ass and she said unto Balaam; What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times? And Balaam said unto the ass, because thou hast mocked me."

Ass. "Am not I thine ass?"

Balaam. Thou art, what then?

Ass. And hast thou not ridden upon me ever since I was thine unto this day?

Ba. I have, and what hast thou done more than thy duty in carrying me? for that end I bought thee; and for that purpose I maintain thee.

Ass. "And was I ever wont to do so unto thee?"

Ba. Nay, and it is too soon now, thou clumsy wretch.

Ass. But why art thou so angry?

Ba. "Because thou hast mocked me," thou prick-eared mortal.

Ass. Was thy ears as open to hear the voice of thy God, as mine are to hear thine; thou wouldest not then abuse me thus.

Ba. Abuse thee! Grant me patience! Hast thou not first crush'd my foot against the wall, and now fallen down under me? and yet dost thou complain of abuse! Thou bawling monster; forbear, lest thou provoke me to slay thee.

Ass.

Afs. I know my crib, and acknowledge thee to be my owner.* But thou hast denied the Lord that bought thee, and rejected the Words of him that daily provides for thee; yea, the very voice that he gave thee to speak his praise, thou now makest use of to blaspheme his name! Therefore has he opened my mouth to reprove thee.

Ba. Thou most audacious, impertinent, saucy scoundrel; dost thou think that I am to be reprov'd by an afs? Consider who thou art prating to, and remember who hath said, "Obey them which have the rule over you." God has made it the undoubted duty of every one to submit to their superiors, so that my anger against thee is righteous anger, "because thou hast mocked me: Therefore I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee."—"Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way.—And the angel of the Lord said unto him, Wherefore hast thou smitten thine afs these three time?" Balaam struck into a panic, cries out, Lord have mercy upon me! "And he bowed down his head, and fell flat on his face."

Angel. Remember who hath said, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Behold, I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me." But whither art thou going?

Ba. Balak the king of the Moabites has sent me a great reward, with promises of great honour, and I was going to curse thy people [here struck with great confusion at the glaring truth which came out unawares, he calls back his word, and cries,]

Good

* Isa. i. 3.

Good Lord, thy servant Balak has sent for me, having heard of the power that thou hast given to me; and not doubting in himself, but whomsoever I shall curse is cursed, and whomsoever I shall bless is blessed. Therefore he has informed me, that there is a company of enthusiastical fanatics, who pretend to more sanctity than other people, are come out of Egypt, and have over run his country, and he is afraid that they should sow sedition, and raise insurrections among his peaceable subjects, so I was going to curse them, if thou wilt give me leave, but I have sent him word, "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord *my God*, to do less or more." And now if my going displease thee, "I will get me back again."

Angel. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammom." If thy heart was so ready to obey thy God, why then didst thou go with the men when he forbid thee? But thou hast "loved the wages of unrighteousness," therefore hast ran greedily in the way of Cain for reward, he, we are told, "was of that wicked one, and slew his brother: And wherefore slew he him? *It was because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous.*"† There are many, like thee, who imagine themselves to be something, when they are nothing; and who for the sake of honour and rewards, would gladly destroy my people: And this, to make their cause plausible, they will do, under the cloak of love to, care of, and zeal for, the church and state. But I have blessed them, and they shall be blessed. Nevertheless, "If the men come to call thee, rise up, and go with them; but the word which I shall say unto thee, that

K

shalt

† See 2 Pet. ii. Jude ii. 1 John 3. 12.

shalt thou do." But of my people it shall be said,
 "No weapon that is formed against thee shall
 prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against
 thee in judgment, *thou shalt* condemn. This is the
 heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their
 righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."§

Some souls, like Balaam, yet we see
 Who love rewards, and fain would be
 Impower'd by our loving Lord,
 To curse the souls who love his word:
 But God is gracious to his people still,
 And will not suffer them to have their will.
 These don't the word of God regard,
 But if you tell them of reward,
 In this there's life, and power too;
 What is it that rewards can't do?
 Rewards will make these dead machines to move
 Like lightening, to'ards the prize they dearly love.
 Says Balaam, I've no power at all,
 That Isra'l should before me fall:
 I cannot go beyond the word,
 That's spoke unto me by the Lord:
 But when rewards are nam'd, the spirit enters,
 He mounts his ass, away the good man ventures.
 With scripture phrases you may fill
 Such ears, but they have no free-will:
 Without Almighty power to sway,
 They can't do good, or bad, they say,
 But name rewards, you'll see, and very soon,
 That all the wheels by these are put in tune.
 Bid them believe, they're dead as clay;
 But if you tell them that they may
 By weeping, mourning, fasting, prayer,
 In Jesu's favour find their share;

That

That God will meet them in their warm devotion,
O! then you'll see them full of life and motion.
These call God's word, a letter dead,
And marks and signs place in it's stead.
Themselves they measure by the law,
And from their works assurance draw:
Instead of faith in Jesu's precious blood,
These live by frames, and virtuous habits, good.
These oft have sore distress of mind,
When in themselves no good they find;
And then with labour, toil, and pain,
They blow up sparks, and warm again,
And such a power feel, none can express!
And this they call, an in-wrought righteousness.
These pangs, and workings of pure nature,
They think is, in them, a new creature,
From hence they draw their comforts all,
Which are indeed exceeding small;
And here the god of this world blinds their eyes,
Therefore the blood of Jesus they despise.
Such souls, like Balaam on his ass,
By marks, and signs ride on: and pass,
Until they come to face the Lord,
And see him stand with his drawn sword;
Then will they dash their feet against the wall,
And down, like Balaam and his ass, they'll fall.

Adieu, Isaac.

On the last judgment.

I will sing of mercy and judgment. Ps. ci. i.

I.

Men.

RISE, ye sinners, wake from slumber,
God descends from realms above!

Women.

Hark! the trumpet sounds like thunder!

Now he comes your works to prove.

Men.

Lo, he cometh in his justice, there revealing
Wrath and vengeance, from above.

Women.

Lo, he cometh in his justice, there revealing

Both.

Wrath and vengeance, from above.

And Moses said unto the people; fear not, for
God is come to prove you, and that his fear may
be before your faces, that ye sin not. For our
God is a consuming fire. Exod. xx. 20. Heb.
xii. 29.

II.

Now the trumpet louder soundeth,

Sinners to your God draw near;

See the mountains quake and tremble!

Who shall stand if God appear?

Lo, he cometh, &c.

And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke,
because the Lord descended upon it in fire,—and
the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the
voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder
and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him
by a voice. See that ye refuse not him that speak-
eth; for if they escaped not who refused him that
spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if

we

we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven.
Exod. xix. 18, 19. Heb. xii. 25.

III.

Moses trembles, while thick darkness,
Smoke and fire doth him surround!
See the people, at a distance,
Beg no more to hear the sound.
Lo, he cometh, &c.

And so terrible was the sight, that Moses said,
I exceedingly fear and quake. Knowing therefore
the terror of the Lord, we persuade men, Heb. xii.
21. 2 Cor. v. 11.

IV.

Is the sight of wrath so dreadful,
When on Sinai God draws nigh?
What must be eternal torment,
Where the damn'd for e'er must lie?
M. Rise then sinners, flee to Jesus, he's a refuge:
Here we are from vengeance screen'd.
W. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
B. Here we are from vengeance screen'd.

Who among us shall dwell with devouring fire?
Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burn-
ings? In returning and in rest shall ye be saved, in
quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.
Isa. xxxiii. 14. xxx. 15.

V.

'Tis not long e'er our creator
Will a second time appear;
Then before him every creature,
Small and great must all draw near.
Rise then sinners, &c.

And

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God,—and they were judged every man according to their works. Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day. Rev. xx. 12. 13. Matt. vii. 21. John vi. 40.

VI.

When the judge of all appeareth,
None will him with comfort see,
But the souls who truly righteous,
(As his law requires) shall be.
Rise then sinners, &c.

For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. Rom. ii. 13. James ii. 10. Gal. iii. 10.

VII.

What our God of us requireth
That in Christ is freely given;
Here my soul, as it desireth,
Is made meet to dwell in heaven.
M. Is He coming? He's my Saviour. I'll go
[meet him.
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.
W. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
B. Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.

But, of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. And ye are compleat in him. 1 Cor. i. 30. Col. i. 12. ii. 10.

VIII.

All the curses at me levell'd,
Fell at once upon his head!
Ev'ry sin was far removed,
When he suffer'd in my stead!
Is He coming? &c.

Christ hath redeem'd us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. But now, once in the end of the world (or Jewish dispensation) hath he appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. Gal. iii. 13. Heb. ix. 26.

IX.

Ev'ry blessing in him centers,
He hath given himself to me:
Whosoever on him ventures,
They with him shall blessed be.
Is He coming? &c.

For all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen. Therefore let no man glory in man, for all things are yours, &c. He that testifieth these things, saith, Surely I come quickly, Amen, Even so, come Lord Jesus. 2 Cor. i. 20. 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22, 23. Rev. xxii. 20, 21.

An Enigma

TH E scriptures give account of one
Which I thus meditate upon.

He was not dead, And yet his corps (beneath)

With wood, or earth, ~~or stone~~ he was not cover'd.

He was in hell; yet endless pain ne'er suffer'd!

He was alive, and vital ~~there~~ did tarry,

A-living tomb did him contain and carry,

Which tomb ne'er spake, yet was a goodly preacher!

And him thus lay therein a heavenly teacher!

Another

I am dead, and yet alive!

I'm poor, and yet am rich!

I downwards grow, yet upwards thrive;

Can foretel, yet no witch!

I bury'd many years have been,

Yet am above the ground!

And tho' I'm perfect rottenness,

I'm altogether sound!

Another

I comes into the world with us,

And for it we're all blam'd;

We cannot live without it,

Yet of it we're asham'd!

P O S T S C R I P T.

IF any enquiring person should say, how happens this, that your mirth is turned into mourning so soon? I answer, hath not the whole nation been in mourning? and does not the Prophet say, "The land is full of adulteries; for because of swearing the land mourneth, &c."* And if ever a land did mourn by reason of adulteries and swearing; surely, this land at this time hath cause to mourn! But who are the mourners? Why they, who seeing the evil of this present world, flee for refuge to the hope set before them in the sinner's Saviour; who says, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." By what means? Why when God shall pour out his wrath upon the earth for the wickedness thereof, he will set a mark upon these, that their souls shall not be hurt.† Nevertheless in the common calamities which shall come upon the earth they will have their share: "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God.—And if the righteous scarcely be saved (from these national calamities) where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear," who have no God to flee to in time of trouble!‡ But as when Sodom and Gomorrah were overthrown, God remembered his little church, "and delivered just Lot, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked: (For that righteous man dwelling among them in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day, with their unlawful deeds;)" Even so at this time, "the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished;" Yet not every mourner is blessed, for the Lord has told us, "The sorrow of the world worketh death." Neither is it "for a man to afflict his soul, or bow down his head as a bulrush," that renders him acceptable to God.¶ For God, "hath made us accepted in the Beloved;" where all spiritual blessings center.

" If

* Jer. xxiii. 9. 12. † Ezek. ix. Rev. vii. ‡ 1 Pet. iv. 17, 18. ¶ Isa. lviii.

P O S T R I P T (74)

"If children, then heirs. Blessed and holy is he, (and only he) that hath part in the first resurrection." To him that hath an intrest in Christ shall be given all good things.* But from him that hath not an intrest in the Saviour, shall be taken away all that he seems to have.† But as in the kingdom of nature there are many merry hearts under the mourning coat, so we can well understand that saying of the apostle, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." Therefore we shall endeavour to keep up our spirits, and rejoice evermore in the God of our Salvation, although it be with trembling within, from fears without, caused by the lightings of those who burn with rage against all who love the Lord Jesus. For as christians we are called to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling," from that opposition made against it, by those who seek to take our crown. For we are commanded to take heed, "lest there be in any of us an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God." For the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and in the fear of the Lord is strong confidence: and his children shall have a place of refuge. Yea, the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.‡ Therefore it cannot be a slavish fear of God, as an angry judge; for where that fear is which hath torment, there can be no strong confidence. So I conclude, in the fear of the Lord is faith unfeigned.

Adieu.

* Rom. viii. 32. † Matt. vii. 22, 23. ‡ Prov. xiv. 26, 27.

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F I N I S